



JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., AND ANN NESBITT, HIS FIRST WIFE.

"Annie, the soul I loved, the girl that saved me and made me a man."

See Page 10.

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68 1959

NORMAN
COLLECTION

AN OFFERING OF LOVE.

APR 10 1959

MEMORIAL OF
JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

By JAMES IRVING.

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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SIDNEY KIEK,
16, Paternoster Row, E.C.
1906.

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This Offering of Love is not meant to be a complete and well-connected biography of my friend Dr. Parker. Such a work, whenever it is undertaken, will doubtless be executed by a writer of great literary experience and distinction, and by one who has a command over papers, which I have not. He may also be one who was admitted to a much more intimate friendship with the deceased than I claim, but he will not, I venture to asseverate, be a more attached and sincere admirer. I have, with the help of his own writings, tried, in this memorial, to reduce biography to its simple elements, to attempt an estimate of a many-sided character, to point out things which I think had much to do in the making of it, to call attention to the work which he successfully carried out, and to display in the most kindly manner the characteristics, peculiarities, and even freaks, of a good man, a unique preacher, and an indisputable genius. My judgment is that I have never known a man of whom it was so true as of the great City Temple preacher that to tell everything is not to tell all. Nor has this booklet been done to order, unless, indeed, to the order of my own heart.

JAMES IRVING.

July 13

Dear Irving
If you happen to be in
this neighborhood to-m.
Friday, morning at
10 please give me a
call. Tr y

Joseph Parker

Joseph Parker

~~Heatham~~

Heatham

1849—

In Memoriam—Joseph Parker, D.D.

The memory of the just is blessed.

The righteous shall flourish as a branch. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive ; and he shall be blessed upon the earth : and Thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. His righteousness shall endure for ever : his horn shall be exalted with honour.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business ? he shall stand before kings ; he shall not stand before mean (obscure) men.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.

This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last days be like his.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight. For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield : the Lord will give grace and glory : no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high, because he hath known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation. There hath not failed one word of all His good promise.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? or who shall stand in His holy place ? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully : He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not. There is none righteous, no, not one. All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all.

Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord ; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool. Look unto Me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. And the Spirit and the Bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? I will now turn aside and see this great sight. It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, Who is even at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us. He is not here ; He is risen. I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. We went through fire and through water, but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ ; to Whom be glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

This Immortelle, culled from the Garden of Inspiration with all the skill and grace I know, I now place in reverence and love upon the honoured head of our great leader and true friend, the Reverend Joseph Parker, D.D.



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF DR. PARKER,
From a Snapshot, described on Page 25.

JOSEPH PARKER was born in quaint old Hexham, situated on the banks of the silvery Tyne, on the 9th April, 1830, and died at Tynehome, Hampstead, London, on the 28th of November, 1902. Writing of his birthplace, this famous Tyne child informs us that there he lived for two and twenty years. Says he, "I see it all now with closed eyes; its famed old Abbey, its old-world market place, its ever-flowing pant, the ancient town hall of its own bishops and priors, its narrow streets, its environs of green undulations and sweet villages. I see the thriving tradesmen, the Mechanics' Institute where I borrowed my first books, the schoolmaster from whom I learned that all Gaul is divided into three parts, the other schoolmaster who punctuated his curt instructions with savage blows, and the other reverend schoolmaster who benignly helped me to hear the fabled goddess sing the Destroying Angel of Achilles, son of Peleus." Of his parents he has also told us that his father was a stonemason of gigantic stature with the strength of two men and the will of ten; and that his mother was a gentle and retiring woman, motherly in her solicitude and simple in her faith. Both of them were Northumbrians and both of them were members of the Congregational Church in the town where they resided. The Rev. Dr. Wm. Adamson, who, while Dr. Parker was living, wrote and published a beautiful, benignant, broadminded and most brotherly biography of him, remarks that under the eye of the stern father and anxious, loving mother, the boy Joseph grew and soon developed traits, not so much of character as of capacity and nature which exhibited an individuality far from ordinary. Dr. Adamson adds that without being unduly precocious, Joseph was of an inquisitive disposition, eager to understand whatever came before him to the minutest detail. In Mr. Albert Dawson's very able and affectionate "Joseph Parker, D.D., His Life and Ministry," just brought out and up to date, we are informed that Joseph's boyhood days were played away among the other boys, in the narrow, irregular streets of his birthplace, and that he amused himself much after the fashion of other boys everywhere. Now, I for one am not displeased that neither writer puts forth any very huge effort to demonstrate that the boy was father to the man, for, generally speaking, in biographies of great men this feature is fearfully overwrought. Still, it delights us to know that the boy was all his life the subject of deep religious convictions, and that he had a highly-strung and sensitive nature. I like his own inimitable description of his early opening life, that from childhood he felt after God and waited for Him as for One with Whom he had an appointment. Verily, he must have been sanctified, like Jeremiah, from the womb, and like his divine Lord and master, he must have gradually grown up into the knowledge and favour of God.

When Dr. Parker had arrived at the age of 22, without consulting any one—he seems from the first to have believed in a committee of one—he wrote to a celebrated Minister in London, Dr. John Campbell, at the time the Jupiter of the Dissenting Press, giving him an outline of his life, frankly stating his aspirations, and humbly requesting the Great Thunderer to advise him as to his future. This correspondence resulted in young Parker being invited to London at once, to help Dr. Campbell in his ministerial work at Moorfields' Tabernacle. The engagement was for three Sundays, but so admirably did he realise Dr. Campbell's expectations and requirements, that he was asked to continue his services indefinitely. The sphere was a very difficult one, and the relations between the two Ministers were fruitful of

many rich and racy incidents, had we room in which to write them down. Those who wish to inform themselves more fully on this highly interesting matter, should get and read Dr. Parker's "Ad Clerum." In the meantime the Doctor shall speak for himself. Having fulfilled my three weeks' engagement, my senior asked me to continue my ministry from time to time, until we could see how events would shape themselves. Two or three distinguished Ministers had been invited to hear me preach, and to consider my case, as being in some respects unique, with the result that they unanimously agreed with John Campbell that there was absolutely no need for me to go through any preparatory course at one of our denominational colleges. I was advised to go through an abbreviated course of study at University College, London, and there, under a very bewildering lectureship, I studied mental and moral philosophy, and formal logic. Dr. Parker tells us that in 1853, when he was ordained at Banbury, he invited Dr. Hoppus, this professor that bewildered him, to deliver the charge to the young Minister, which he would have been pleased to do had it not been for the claims of his professional duties. In this way the young aspirant passed into the Christian Ministry, and took his place among men like Richard Watson, Jabez Bunting, Adam Clark, Morley Punsheon, Richard Baxter, Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, T. T. Lynch, Robert Vaughan, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Speaking now for myself, I may say that I am a firm believer in the necessary and invaluable aid to a Minister of Denominational College training, and that such training can only be dispensed with where the candidate is a genius, and where, as in Dr. Parker's case, he has all his life long been in training for the Ministry, and for nothing else.

I have hinted that while helping Dr. Campbell, young Parker pursued his literary studies at University College, and, also, that in 1853 he was invited to take the pastoral oversight of the Congregational Church at Banbury. There he laboured for five eventful and successful years. There he resumed his much loved exercise of open air preaching, receiving somewhat rough treatment at times from the enemies of the Cross, although having the satisfaction in the end of wearing out the fiercest opposition, and winning the admiration of the worst of his assailants. There he paid the greatest attention to his preparation for the pulpit, and made a practice of writing out his discourses in full. There he met in a three nights' discussion, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, and afterwards formed with him a friendship that lasted till his own death, and here I offer no apology for saying that, among the kindest things that have been said of Dr. Parker, have since been said by his ancient antagonist. There he built a new Church, his congregations having outgrown the accommodation of the old one, and he also had before he left to enlarge the new Church in size and accommodation by one half for the same reason. There he won a prize of £75 for an essay on *A Working Church*. And there he became alive to the value of the Press as a means of reaching a larger audience and published:—

1. A Soldiers' Retrospect.
2. Six Chapters on Secularism.
3. Helps to Truth Seekers.

And a great many brilliant but somewhat fugitive essays and miscellaneous articles in newspapers and magazines.

After Dr. Halley left Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, efforts were made

to secure the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., afterwards Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, to be the pastor. These efforts having failed, a special meeting of the Church was called for 10th May, 1858, and a memorial signed by 200 young people connected with the schools was presented to the meeting urging that the Rev. Joseph Parker, of Banbury, be invited to become the Minister. A resolution to call him was afterwards unanimously adopted by the Church and a few days later the Congregation likewise with equal unanimity adopted the resolution. A deputation was appointed to wait on the Rev. Joseph Parker at Banbury. The deputation arrived in due course bringing several memorials and appeals from the Sunday School, and from the young men and others, and emphasised as much as they could the importance of their invitation. Having heard the statement of the Manchester men, the Doctor says I made this reply :

I thank you for waiting upon me and presenting this cordial invitation to become your Minister, but my present circumstances utterly forbid my acceptance of your terms. Within the last year or so my people have built me a chapel and in doing so they have incurred a debt of something like £700. Whilst that debt remains I remain. If I had found it here I could have left it but in a certain sense the debt was incurred on my account and until that debt is removed I must stand by my people who have done so much for my comfort.

To the Doctor's surprise and delight, the Manchester friends raised the whole of the money, and said that the Banbury Chapel debt need not longer prevent his consideration of their case. The result was the Doctor's acceptance of their invitation and a happy pastorate in Manchester extending over eleven years.

During his pastorate at Cavendish, he was Chairman of the Lancashire Congregational Union, and he was also the first Chairman of the Manchester Congregational Board.

During his residence at Manchester, Dr. Parker wrote "Hidden Springs," "Church Questions," "Ecce Deus," and "The Paraclete." He also edited "The Congregational Economist" and "The Pulpit Analyst." He also founded Cavendish College which afterwards became the Nottingham Congregational Institute.

It was about this time that a very serious family calamity fell upon the Doctor. His father, as a builder had, largely through inability to look after his books and make accurate calculations, failed in business, I believe, for several hundreds of pounds. The son, who regarded the father as the soul of honour, and who was said to be by all who knew him, too kind and open-handed, at once set himself to discover every one of his father's liabilities, and in time paid every one of his father's creditors every penny that was owing to him. Some people might call this a bit of family pride on the part of Dr. Parker ; I call it the right kind of filial affection, and mention it here to the credit of his noble nature.

I think the very first time I ever heard of Dr. Parker was when I was attending the Edinburgh University. One of my fellow-students, hailing from my native county of Dumfries-shire, John William Dunbar by name, clever and observant beyond his years and to whom I was much attached, and who has risen to a distinguished position as a U.P. minister in Modern Athens, happened one day to let out that he had just heard from some Manchester friends that a certain Dr. Parker there was creating a great stir and carrying all before him. The Doctor was, in fact, at the time delivering his famous lectures on Church Questions, drawing crowds to hear him, giving

Dr. Vaughan, the celebrated Vicar of Doncaster, in particular, a very bad time, putting Church people, in general, into a bit of a panic, and preparing the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole to make a reference to these said lectures in the House of Commons, and to characterise them "as a most able book." This must have been in 1862. It was not, however, until quite two years later that I first had the privilege of hearing Dr. Parker preach. I was visiting some friends in Manchester, and they, as a great treat, took me to Cavendish Street Church. Although I cannot now remember the subject or the text, I know the preacher struck me as a preacher of no ordinary type. I had heard Rutherford, of Newcastle, Gilfillan, of Dundee, Norman Macleod, John Caird, John Cairns, John Kirk, James Candlish, and last, but by no means least, James Morison, but as a preacher for originality, individuality, versatility, perspicacity and commanding eloquence, married to the most wonderful voice ear ever heard, Joseph Parker, to my mind, easily bore away the palm. Although the morning on which I first heard him was very wet, yet there was a large congregation. It should be remembered that the place seats 1,700 people.

That may have been the occasion that the Doctor, feeling the horrid fog of Cottonopolis in his throat, exclaimed, "When I came to Manchester I had a voice as fine and flexible as preacher or hearer could desire, but," pointing to the pillars, to the roof and to the rafters of the vast Gothic structure, he significantly added, "they have nearly been its undoing." Ever since that Sunday morning I have had a hankering after this man. So great has been my admiration for him as a preacher and a Christian teacher that during all the years I have lived in London I may say I have been a fairly regular hearer of his, whenever I could attend, especially on Thursday mornings.

When I lived in Cheshire, to hear Dr. Parker preach was my largest attraction to attend the London May Meetings. With my friend, the Rev. William Park, then of Southport, I went in May, 1870, to the Poultry for the first time to hear Dr. Parker. He preached a most memorable sermon. From that time unto the death of Dr. Parker, my friend has regarded him as the king of the pulpit. I well remember a bit of the great preacher's paraphrase of the text "'And Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere'—he lifted up his eyes—those cold, grey, calculating eyes—eyes that beheld the land but not the landscape." His illustration of Lot as "a bird in the hand worth two in the bush man," and "clutching the seed in his fist until the perspiration rotted it, instead of scattering it broadcast to fructify" could not be forgotten. An illustration from Parker, some of us soon discovered, stuck in ever so commonplace a sermon, made it passable.

At the Poultry, many of us were again found in May, 1871, and the Doctor preached the most wonderful sermon any of us had ever heard. His text was "And when He is come He will reprove the world of sin." The outwardly wicked he set on one side that day, and the secretly wicked had a most fearful exposure. The preacher in the most successful manner demonstrated the difference between sin and phases of sin; between wickedness in the heart, in the thought, unexpressed and unconfessed, and the mere accident of wickedness which relates to time, place, and form. He took us to the tea-table of one of these unworldly and exemplary men, and he told us to listen to his conversation. We listened, and we heard the man say unkind words about his neighbour, and actually slander his own Minister; we saw

him prepared to play the sneak when sneaking would win him what he called success; be ready to be a traitor when treachery would bring him thirty pieces of silver, more or less; in short, there was no meanness to which he would not stoop, and no length of censure and censoriousness to which he would not go. "What," inquired the Doctor, "is required to show that man what he really is?" And in tragic tones he answered, "A Ghost—the Ghost of God. He required the Ghost of God to show him that an unkind whisper may be murder; that a shrug of the shoulder may be incipient assassination; and that there may be a villainy too refined for common morality, and too subtle to be taken note of by any of the magisterial tribunals of the earth."

Then he gave us an illustration which it was simply impossible for any of us to forget. He said here is another man who gravely shakes his head at the idea of half-a-dozen shops being opened on Sunday, and he shakes his head in a cab. A wise place to shake his head in at what is called desecration of the Lord's Day. He forgets he has a little four-wheeled shop of his own, and shakes his head at the greengrocer who is trying to sell a few cabbages or cauliflowers or other vegetables. Ah, me, how true it is that—

We compound for sins we are inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to.

What is needed in his case? The Holy Ghost to get into that man's cab to talk to him the language of God. Remember, I would not be understood to teach the doctrine that it may not be right and necessary for a man to ride mile after mile on the Lord's Day. What I want to point out is that if a man is on the one hand so critical about other people's observance of the Sabbath, he ought to be visited with his own reasoning and chastised with his own rod. And so we all hastened home to our respective congregations, and preached as much as ever we could remember of what we had heard of the glorious gospel that Jesus Christ came into the world to save us from our own morality, self-righteousness, and our every guilty stain.

Dr. Parker was more than a genius, he was a unique man who felt from his very earliest days that he must do whatever he had to do in his own way. A characteristic story is told that brings this out to perfection. More than fifty years ago the Rev. W. Hope Davison, the preacher for the day at the Congregational Chapel, Hexham, had arrived in the town, and was staying from Saturday night to Monday morning with Parker's parents. It would appear that Joseph had engaged himself to preach on the Sunday for the Primitive Methodists, and the night before in a room above Davison's he was gabbling over his sermon, and was strutting about and shouting as occasion required. Davison, of course, did not approve of this, and so the mother was sent up-stairs to bring down her boy into the room of the irate priest at once. Confronting each other, Mr. Davison said, "Well, Joseph, so you are going out to preach to-morrow, what is your text?" On being told, Mr. Davison said, "I would treat that text in such and such a way, and now be off to bed, and let me have no more noise." Sunday night came and Joseph was brought to Davison once more, said the full-fledged preacher to the erroneously estimated fledgling, "Well, Joseph, how did you get through?" The answer was Parker-like, even then, "First of all," said he, "I treated the text in your way, and then I treated it *in my own way*." It was this "own way" which, it has long been generally admitted, won for the Doctor that exalted

position in the Christian Church to which he early attained, and which he certainly retained until the very day of his death. Perhaps just here it is the proper place to say that scarcely any preacher has ever been credited by men whose duty it is to carry on the commercial business of the world, with having so comprehensive, so inspiring, and to many of them so helpful a knowledge of mundane affairs. An incident that happened early on in his ministerial career, was a not altogether discouraging revelation to the young preacher. Observing one of his congregation disappear during the service into the vestry, and fearing he had become suddenly ill, he made inquiries at the close of the service regarding his health, and hoped he was not unwell. "Oh, no," said the man, "the fact is you suggested to me in your discourse a good idea in business, and I retired to the vestry to work it out."

I believe Dr. Parker could at any time do whatever he thought he would do, his will power was so great. In support of what I now say, I would advance the following illustration, it is so characteristic. Once when I was staying at Longford Hall with my kind friend, Mr. John Rylands, he told me that one Saturday afternoon when they were all on the lawn playing a game of bowls, he was called into the house to see someone on business, which, when finished, he brought the "Gentleman" with him outside to watch the game. Dr. Parker was there, but I do not think he was playing. Presently the stranger so far forgot himself as to challenge any lady or gentleman on the grounds. Dr. Parker who could not see his friends defied accepted the challenge, set himself to the task, and amid the rapturous applause of the whole party, easily succeeded in laying the gasconading Goliath in the dust of humiliation. Becoming an object of pity the "Gentleman" soon unceremoniously took his departure.

A great deal I remember was said at the time of Dr. Parker leaving Manchester for London, not by anyone I believe inside Cavendish Chapel who was acquainted with the facts, but by rank outsiders, busybodies, mischief makers, some of them, I regret to say, prominent professing Christian Ministers, messengers of Satan to buffet him, about a purse containing seven hundred guineas presented to him when he declined the invitation to Poultry Chapel. What are the facts? In accepting the testimonial the Doctor said, "Let us be quite clear as to the meaning of this gift. If any man has given a single penny to this testimonial under the impression that it is to be regarded as a detainer, or is in any way to buy my service, or bribe me in relation to the future, I earnestly beg him to withdraw his contribution at once. Please to understand that I hold myself at perfect liberty to leave Manchester to-morrow if I see that it is the will of God that I should remove. On this distinct understanding alone can I touch the gift which you offer." The assurance was repeated to prevent any mistake, and everybody applauded. Nothing could have been more honourable. Besides Dr. Parker's financial arrangements with the Church in Manchester made the acceptance of a testimonial very easy. From the beginning the highest sitting in the Chapel was *five shillings a quarter*, and the lowest one shilling. Out of the pew rents thus charged, the whole of the incidental expenses were taken. No man, rich or poor, gave more than his pew rent. Cavendish Chapel was then, probably, the finest architectural edifice in English Congregationalism. From floor to roof it was eighty feet high. It had three costly frontages. It had 1,700 sittings. It had magnificent school buildings, and 1,400 scholars. It had many other flourishing institutions, and a mine of

wealth. One Deacon was a Member of Parliament, another a knight, another was the senior surgeon of the City, and another had declined Parliamentary honours easily within his grasp. Eight other Deacons drove their carriages, and Cavendish Street was known as the carriage road to heaven. Yet the Doctor was not indebted to the millionaires or any body else for one penny beyond their usual seat rents, and of these one-fourth was deducted for incidentals. There was no subscription list, no way of supplementing the Minister's salary, he took whatever was left, he never complained, he did his work in a way that nobody could improve it, and silently accepted the results. Verily, these cotton lords had a cheap ministry, and had *they* said a word about the testimonial they would have been of all men the most mean.

For the last thirty years, I think, I may also say that I have gone more frequently than many, and sometimes considerable distances to be present when I have known the Doctor was going to take an occasional service. I have heard him preach anniversary, dedicatory, and opening sermons at many many places I could name, and while some have said he failed here and he failed there, I feel bound to testify that never once did he do so in my hearing. He was always original, always evangelical, always up to date, and as it seemed to me always at his best. At such times he frequently took his audience into his confidence, and told us little bits of his biography which at the present time are very much sought after. On one of these occasions, not so very long ago, I heard him tell how that soon after he came to London to assist Dr. Campbell, he wrote some sketches entitled "Chapters for Young Thinkers," and putting them carefully away in his pocket, he carried them to the immediate neighbourhood of Cassell's office. Then great trepidation came upon him. He felt he had not the courage to take in his own "stuff," and seeing a boy who was standing outside, he looked up the Hill and down the Hill, and then gave him twopence to take it in for him. When he saw the boy come out of the office without the parcel, the Doctor said, "I took to my heels and fled, lest the editor and all the staff should pursue me for my impertinence. When, however, about a week after, Mr. John Cassell sent me six golden guineas, I felt that my fortune was already made. In that cheque, said the Doctor, I saw a house in the West End, a carriage and pair, and, generally speaking, the world at my feet. My dream was complete!" The sketches which the Doctor here refers to were published in due time in the "Popular Educator."

It was when preaching one such sermon for the Church Aid and Home Missionary Society in May, 1898, that I heard the Doctor say "When I began my ministry at Banbury I started upon the dazzling salary of £2 10s. a week, and I did not know, as I told the Deacons, what in the name of reason I could do with so much money. They persuaded me to try. I tried, and I always had a cup of tea for a friend—always. It was a poor little lodging—over a draper's shop—the whole thing was only eight shillings a week, but we were always glad to see some Minister from the villages round about, and he must not go without his tea."

At his Jubilee Celebration as a preacher the collection was to enable poor ministers to take a holiday. No doubt he made a lot of money in his time although business men marvelled that "he died worth so little." The fact is he was always doing good with it, and I believe, Dr. Parker in making

his brother-in-law his residuary legatee if he has the "family weakness" of Mrs. Parker and his father, the "charities" as they are called will fare as well as if the money had been left to their respective treasurers. Often have we all heard of the Doctor's private acts of kindness—charity he would not call it—in gifts of books, money, and personal service.

Along with Dr. Rogers and Dr. Newman Hall he was associated in the opening services of the new Congregational Church at Chatham. The crowd was great and the collections large, but he would only take a guinea for *our* travelling expenses, Mrs. Parker, as a rule, accompanied him on these services of love. The other two distinguished fathers and brethren were also waited upon by my friend Webster's treasurer, at the close of their services, and each said he would take the same as Parker. What, said one of them, Parker take this? That guinea, I am told, was an eye-opener. I remember in one of our happy, interesting conversations my gifted colleague in Tunbridge Wells, for many years, the Rev. J. Radford Thomson, M.A., telling me how Dr. Parker declined on a Sunday morning to enter the pulpit of the English Congregational Church at Llandudno until he had received a fee owing to his friend Radford Thomson. The captured guineas were delivered to the rightful owner on the Doctor's return to Manchester. Dr. William Adamson, of Windermere, on a great occasion in the City Temple bearing his testimony to Dr. Parker's greatness and goodness, spoke of the high esteem in which he was held in Scotland, the marvellous interest excited by his visits, and the individual indebtedness expressed by Ministers of all denominations to the inspiration and spiritual impulse which they had derived from his spoken and written words. He describes the first great Mission of the Doctor to the Land of Cakes, when he preached every day, and sometimes thrice a day, for a fortnight. Crowds flocked to hear him in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and at Crieff, and Dunkeld, and Bridge of Allan, and the towns all round the district, and when he had finished, his hard and indefatigable labours the Scotch people thought it graceful to give him nothing but thanks, and, having accompanied him to the Border, even allowed him to pay his railway fare back to London. Of course I cannot hold with such treatment at all, but what a crushing answer to those who charged Dr. Parker with having been fond of money. The head of any of the professions—and Dr. Parker was at the head of his—would have netted £2,000 by such a tour.

I interested myself lately in trying to organise a committee of inquiry into the cases and causes of real ministerial distress in the Congregational body, and Dr. Parker was the first to promise to sit on that committee, and to give, to relieve the distress, all he made for the next twelve months, beyond keeping himself.

I have been credibly informed that since his wife's death he gave back his salary to the City Temple.

Dr. Parker twice put his hand into the bag of matrimony, and his own testimony was that he drew a prize each time. Of the first wife he tenderly and generously wrote the words "Annie, the soul I loved, the girl that saved me, and made me a man"; and of the second, at the celebration of their silver wedding in the crowded City Temple, he handsomely declared that "but for her I never should have been here to-day." Greater praise could no wife have.

Of one thing there could be no doubt, and that was that Dr. Parker was no idler. There was not a dormant faculty in his mind, as there was not

a lazy bone in his body. He came to his place as an orator, a preacher, a theologian, a dialectician, and a voluminous author by downright sheer hard work and study. The word work and what it represented had for him a positive charm. It was the gem word of the language, glittering like a star, and sparkling like a diamond. It was the innermost spring, and the main-spring of his existence. Following his Master, he said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

The books which I have already mentioned were what he wrote while he was in the provinces; the books which he wrote while he lived in the City of London may be said to be legion, for they are many. The fact is Dr. Parker was a very voluminous author and wrote on all kinds of moral, social, and religious subjects, with a good tale like "Raven Digby" now and again thrown in. His "Springdale Abbey" he published anonymously, and Church people everywhere were loud in its praise until they knew it had been written by a Dissenter. "Ecce Deus" was also anonymous, but timely and most able, and ran into several editions. On "Church Questions" Dr. Parker was always *À1*. In "Job's Comforters," Huxley, Tyndall & Co. had a touch of his quality as a critic and debater, and so satisfied was the greatest mind of the centuries with the work that Mr. Gladstone bought a number of copies to give away among his friends. Colonel Ingersoll, unless he was beyond redemption, must have been ashamed to meet a Freethinker after he received his merited castigation from the Doctor. Dr. Parker's "Eulogies" of Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Binney, Samuel Newth, and W. E. Gladstone, are simply superb, being remarkable for their spontaneity, which such things very seldom are. "Hidden Springs" was the volume which introduced us to the Doctor as an Author. It was in 1866, in the E.U. Manse, Sanquhar, when all of a sudden the Rev. George Gladstone exclaimed "Irving, listen to this!" and he read that passage which finishes with "Feeling upon me mightily the power of a divine consecration, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I excommunicate the wretch." Friend Gladstone said, "I am quite in love with this fellow." The Doctor must have published some fifty volumes since then, including his *Magnum Opus*, viz., his "People's Bible," in twenty-five volumes, which has gained golden opinions everywhere, and been preached by others not a few. Somebody told us he pointed out to the Doctor "a glaring instance" of this on the part of a very popular Welsh preacher; but all the Doctor said was that he could not be bothered taking notice of such things nowadays. In other words, the key was left in the stable-door, and any preacher who wanted a good pulpit-mount could go in and make his choice. After all is said and done, the warrior's sword needs the warrior's arm to wield it; the painter's brush needs the great artist's genius to handle it, and lay it lightly on the canvas; and Dr. Parker's sermons needed Dr. Parker himself to do them justice, for in the language of Theobald "None but himself can be his parallel." Marvellous, too, is it that he never tired of his glorious toil. Until he lay down and died he never wearied of his work, and never was so happy as when he was preaching. Always was he ready for it, and loved it for itself, and loved it so much that he would sooner have preached for nothing, or even paid to be allowed to preach, than have been deprived of the high calling he was fittingly raised up to adorn. One day a lady said, "Doctor, what is your hobby?" The Doctor replied, "Preaching, madam." "But I mean apart from preaching." "There is nothing apart from

preaching ; it touches all life," was the capacious reply. And he was right.

Of him, too, it may safely be said that no preacher or author ever was so inexhaustible a store-house of supply for other preachers. I have ample ground for saying that some preachers have taken his sermons almost *verbatim et literatim* and have afterwards thought it becoming to show their gratitude by the ratio of inversion ; in other words, they have gone and blasphemed his name among the Gentiles. An American D.D., who is a bright particular star among London Baptists has been known to make very free with the sermons of Dr. Parker, but we never heard he was so dishonest as to deny his indebtedness, or in any way traduce his pulpit progenitor. I have seen a fairly good report of Dr. Parker's famous lecture on Clocks attributed to an American called Kelly but his publisher in this country implored me not to inform the Doctor of the strange coincidence. But who among ourselves has not stolen from him ? Happy are we if there is this difference between us and these common thieves in that we are ready to own the impeachment, and confess that the overmastering character of Dr. Parker's influence and speech upon our mental and spiritual powers of receptivity and propagation has been greater than any of us could reasonably be expected to withstand. The greatest Principal of a College the world has ever seen, at least one thinks so, once wrote to me, not in words but in effect, that he had died the death of ten thousand martyrs to his conscience that he might point out the littlenesses of the man to whom he owes the awakening of every thought and aspiration he has had (in this world), or ever will have.

Dr. Parker's Thursday Morning Service was a thing of his own inventing. Begun in 1869, before the City Temple was built, and migrating from place to place before it finally reached its point of rest in the City Temple, in May 1874, it has been carried on there close upon twenty-nine years, and, in a sense, may be said to be the eclipsing splendour of Congregationalism. Perhaps in nothing that Dr. Parker ever commenced was he so steadfastly and continuously true to his high ideal. To the end there was the same welcome given to the banker, the merchant, the clerk, the policeman, the postman, the errand-boy, the wayfarer, people of every class and no class, members of every church and no church, the rich, the poor, the simple and the thoughtful ; nor was there any interference as to the time of coming in or going out ; the busy man could pick up his morsel of meat and go, and the leisurely man might wait and finish his meal, and in one thing especially, there was no change until the very day of his death, and that was in the fervour, force, and evangelical character of the story of redeeming love as it flowed from the lips and heart of "the old man eloquent." The variety of that service, and the crowds that I have seen there, have often amazed me, but the imposing figure in the pulpit and the repose inspiring calm that sat on the kingly face of the master of all the ceremonies, invariably captivated me, and made me exclaim, as a Scotchman always does when he is nonplussed, Wonderful ! wonderful ! It was a great puzzle to me how Dr. Parker should to the end look so strong and young. Some men are old, withered, and done, at 48, but Dr. Parker was young at 70—young in mind, young in all his splendid faculties, and, in fact, he seemed to everybody, physically and intellectually to flourish in immortal youth, a man whose genius on the platform and in the pulpit was just before he ascended at its supremest.

I recall here a characteristic announcement made by him one Thursday

in Albion Chapel. Before commencing the service he said :—As everybody knows that I am a purist in punctuality I may announce that the clock is five minutes before the time. This service commences at twelve o'clock and closes at one. To-day there will be no exception.

There can be no doubt that the crowning characteristic of Dr. Parker's great ministry was his undeviating adhesion to Evangelical truth. In spite of all temptations and the bewitching tendencies which error seems to us to beget in the least informed theologians to become heterodox, he, ever absorbed in much study and wide reading, ever sought "the good old paths" and stood and asked and walked in the good old orthodox way. The old landmarks of the Bible were quite good enough for him. No man lent himself less to rationalism. In the matter of personal salvation he was never tired or afraid or ashamed to give his reasons for the hope that was in him. The following outburst is a beautiful example of the effectual manner in which he preached the Gospel to others by preaching it directly to himself. "The blood of Christ! It did not flow on one day: it flows evermore! My soul, is thine a geographical Calvary? Or is it a Golgotha of the spirit—the place where Thy Church is founded, and where Thy Heaven begins? Have we outlived the efficacy of the blood of Christ, and is the tale of His Cross a sound from which all the music has gone for ever? We need the sun to-day as we have never needed it; the wind is still the breath of health to our dying bodies; still we find in the earth the bread without which we cannot live—these are our friends of whom we never tire. Can it be that the only thing of which we are weary is God's answer to our souls' deepest need? Shall we keep everything but the blood of Christ? Shall the Cross go and the sun be left? Verily as the sun withdrew at sight of that Cross, and for the moment fled away, he would shine never more were that sacred tree hewn down by furious men. The blood of Christ—it is the fountain of immortality! The blood of Christ—it makes the soul's summer warm and beauteous! The blood of Christ—it binds all heaven, with its mansions and throngs without number, in holy and indissoluble security; my soul seek no other stream in which to drown thy leprosy; my lips seek no other song with which to charge your music; my hands seek no other task with which to prove your energy. I would be swallowed up in Christ; I would be nailed to His cross; I would be baptised with His baptism; I would quail under the agony of His pain that I might triumph with him in the glory of His resurrection. O, my Jesus! my Saviour! Thine heart did burst for me, and all its sacred blood flowed for the cleansing of my sin. I need it all. I need it every day. I need it more and more. O, search out the inmost recesses of my poor, wild heart, and let Thy blood remove every stain of evil."

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

And it has been.

By faith in this Divine Redeemer he walked all the days and years of his saintly and heroic life. So did he ever seek to get others to do the self-same thing. In his mouth the boast was never in vain—"I preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of Man, the Son of God; Who died for our sins according to the scriptures." Nor ever was occupant of the Christian

pulpit more consumedly solicitous that his brother preachers, young and old, but especially the young, should be pronouncedly and conspicuously evangelical. In interchanging, in his vestry and at his home, sentiments as well as speech, for in this special attainment Dr. Parker was a master, I am constrained to say that nothing delighted his soul so much as to be told his ministry was exerting an influence upon young Ministers in keeping them at the Cross, and, in bringing back again, to the Cross any that may have chanced to stray from it. I have seen his eager soul stare through his very eyes as he pressed upon me the inquiries: "Have you really heard this"; and "Has it been told you;" and "Do you know it to be a fact from your own observation and experience." He literally devoured the answer while he seemed like unto him who said,

"Even as with marrow and with fat, my soul shall filled be."

Well did he know that over the minds of the people who from time to time placed themselves under his Evangelical Ministry his influence was enormous, but vast though it was, I believe the force of his example and of his influence over talented, brilliant, but venturesome young preachers filling the pulpits of Christendom in his day was vaster still. What I may call Ruskinism, Browningism, and Latitudinarianism had, indeed, a great power over them for a time, and some trembled for the safety of the Ark, but by-and-by the spell began to lose its binding charm, many front rank young men that had been ably administering empty nothings to their congregations began to feel that their own souls were famishing for the staff of life, and the marrow of the Gospel, and began to come back from spending their strength for nought, and in vain to preach, like Dr. Parker, the grand old Gospel of the blessed God, how that "He who knew no sin was treated as if he had been sin for us that we might be treated as if we were the righteousness of God in Him." The spiritually enlightened observer, the man praying for the prosperity of Zion, the man on the outlook was soon able to report to Dr. Parker that in so far as the Doctor followed Christ, many young ministerial excelsiors were making him their study, were looking up to him upon the hills of truth, and were marking the way every step of which in his ministerial career he seemed to be accompanied by God, and that they were at last considering Nonconformity's great man, his mission among men, his message to the Church, his methods with all their endless variety and infinite attractiveness, and his most fascinating manner of presenting evangelical truth to the people. It was reported to him that young preachers in general had said,— "This is not a matter to be lightly esteemed, the commanding success of this man is an example in climbing that we cannot ignore, even were we to try. Here," said they, "is a strong and interesting ministry without any adventitious aids, and yet it knows no change but that of increase; it goes on not for a week, or a month, or a year, but for generation upon generation; in the centre, too, of the most gigantic mercantile city in the world, in fact upon what appears to be the most unlikely spot on God's earth—Dr. Parker, by the genius of taking pains, makes his unrivalled message a thing of beauty, a magnet that draws, a mountain top that blazes with glory, a never ending treasury filled with richest stores of grace, and every conceivable thing that is good; why, therefore, may we not also make ours?" John McNeill testified at Dr. Parker's Jubilee that when Minister of Regent Square he lost no opportunity of hearing the Doctor preach, and many a time was inspired to have "another shot at this business (of preaching) next Sunday."

So was it we are delighted to say with a very great many young Ministers. They heard the Doctor and were always encouraged to go and likewise try to excel. Never was anybody more pleased at this than Dr. Parker himself. To envy or rivalry he was perfectly ignorant of the road. And I feel almost ashamed even to hint that Dr. Parker laid no claim to have taken out a patent for evangelical fervour, or to have copyrighted orthodoxy, or to have received a special invitation from heaven to make himself a student of the Bible and a preacher of the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ in all its universality of adaptation to all the woes, weaknesses and wants of humanity. Principal James Morison, D.D., used to tell his students that when we got lost in the pulpit among our own thinkings, to make our way back at once to the Cross and begin afresh there. No man at any time found Dr. Parker out of sight of the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was the secret of his ministerial success and the pledge of his pulpit power. He knew and knew to the full—

All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

With the great Apostle he said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of Christ Jesus my Lord."

On the subject of publishing prayers which Dr. Parker was among the first to adventure, and I bless him for it, he says,—some people, whom I cannot regard as fastidious, object to the publication of prayers. I do not so object. The prayers of the Bible, of Abraham, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and Jesus, are among its sublimest treasures. There is nothing so near a song as a prayer, and there is nothing so near heaven as a song of love. I wish we had more books of prayer. True prayer is the best record of a soul's spiritual progress. Prayer does not set forth merely what I am, but what I would be; it is my ideal life; it is a glimpse and a studying after a higher mode of being. It is the soul looking forward to the sublimest possibilities of destiny. It is the confession of the existence of an unattained standard. I would as soon hear the prayer of a great soul struggling under the pressure of manifold wants, and aching with the recollection of manifold guilt as I would hear its best sermon. There are utterances called prayer, mere words, mere routine. They are not prayer; they come not from the heart, they ascend not to the sky. There may be prayer without speech. Subtle indeed is the expression of want. There is a picture in the Louvre which is prayer on canvas: on the one hand is a strong man bowed down with unutterable grief and on the other is a woman whose eyes are marked with tears; her eye is lifted towards the heavens, and the expression of that reddened eye is one of the most eloquent of all prayers. It seems to pierce the heavens. It might move the deepest pity of the Infinite Heart. Apparently there is no word on the tongue because such agony refuses to be expressed in language. The most refined words would be coarse when called upon to set forth so refined a sensibility. That is prayer. The idea of praying by the clock, or statedly, or seven times a day with my window open towards Jerusalem, would never occur to me, for it is my delight of delights to pray without ceasing. I would as soon think of breathing seven times a day as praying seven times a day. Intermission is in other things, never in prayer. When I prayed in public I was often asked if I wrote my prayers and committed them to memory. Never!

No sentence have I ever prayed from memory ! I have let the eager and even clamorous heart say what it would to the condescending and ever-listening Father. Many hearers who came to criticise the Doctor's discourse, were after the devotional part of the service entirely disarmed, and quite prepared to become his most ardent admirers. His Book of Family Worship is the greatest aid to devotion that ever was printed ; and, I believe his Pulpit Bible would, in competent hands, wherever it is adopted and used, let in a flood of light in regard to the meaning and teaching of the Word of God, upon any Minister's congregation.

Some newspapers, in reviewing Dr. Parker's career at his death, rather wantonly discussed the question of his love of money. That their action bespoke great ignorance, impertinence, and vulgarity, is, I am proud to know, the feeling of Britons in general. The gratuitous and mythical concoction that appeared in *The Times* as soon as the object of its derision was cold, was in the worst taste. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, "the friend of Dr. Parker's old age," says, "I am sure the extraordinary statements made by the writer of his obituary in *The Times* were made in perfect good will," but I could not say so. What boots it to asseverate, as Dr. Nicoll does, that *The Times* was kind and hospitable to Dr. Parker when he was a living lion ? Then *The Times* expected more terse, clear and valuable contributions from his masterly pen to enrich its columns. Then *The Times* knew, to change the figure, that the retaliator's weapon was firm in his grasp and to the redoubtable gladiator it suited *The Times* to be the very pink of courtesy. But immediately "the spark of life had fled," and *The Times* would be running no risk, in presence of the sainted hero's sorrowing friends, it actually licks its reeking blade. This is how *The Times* mocks :

"It is needless to add that in a financial sense the City Temple has been an immense success. There is no more 'going concern' in the ministry of the Church or of Dissent. This successful embodiment of the 'Nonconformist Conscience' swallows the camel of high pew-rents, and in Dr. Parker's case, there were the publishing profits to be added, for you could buy his sermons at the door as you left. . . . There is not one from the Primate downwards who can command anything like the personal profits which Dr. Parker drew from his ministry. In his private room at the City Temple every comfort was provided for him, and the deacons found him grateful, for he threw himself into the business side of the enterprise as heartily as they did. . . . He was as it were the managing director of that flourishing and strictly limited company 'The City Temple.'"

What an execrable translation of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—say nothing but good of the dead ! That is the rubbish with which *The Times* thinks to dishonour Dr. Parker's grave. When I read the hateful sentences I felt that my whole heart had been outraged and that I could not do less than try to prevent *The Times* from shovelling its rubbish into so sacred a sepulchre.

I will call this Spadeful One. "There is no more 'going concern' in the ministry of the Church or of Dissent than the City Temple."

The Times here appears in its vulgarest style. It constrains the ejaculation, "From envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, Good Lord, deliver us."

Spadeful Two. "There is not one from the Primate downwards, who

can command anything like the personal profits which Dr. Parker drew from his ministry."

Nothing less and nothing else than a pure fabrication.

Spadeful Three. "This successful embodiment of the Nonconformist^t conscience swallows the camel of high pew-rents, and in Dr. Parker's case there were the publishing profits to be added, for you could buy his previous sermon at the door as you left."

This leads me to say that no doubt *The Times* is very cute, and that it also is a successful embodiment not, I regret to add, of that kind of conscience which it holds up to ridicule, but of the Conformist conscience, which at times in its case is very conforming indeed. *The Times*, too, has its price, not here at present referred to in the Walpolian sense, but as having "swallowed the camel of the high pew-rents of journalism." Its cost per copy is threepence, *i.e.*, it asks thrice and six times as much for its print as any other morning paper. Hence nearly everyone who buys a newspaper does not buy *The Times*. But no man ever invested in a pennyworth of Dr. Parker's stuff who did not get ample value for his money, in inspiration, instruction, consolation, and insight into what *The Times* itself is obliged to call Parker "dealing in a permanent manner with the eternal verities."

Spadeful Four. "In his private room at the City Temple every comfort was provided for him, and the deacons found him grateful, for he threw himself into the business of the enterprise as heartily as they did."

I suppose we are to infer that the Editor of *The Times* has no fine room fitted up for his comfort, and that he only exists to "scorn delights and live laborious days." Of course we would all be filled with pity if we could only believe it, but what fooling it all is, and how paltry it all looks.

Spadeful Five. "He was as it were the managing director of that flourishing and strictly limited company, the City Temple."

Verily, verily, he is a contemptible creature who cannot rejoice in the prosperity of any "Concern" but his own, and he is no man at all, who, if he knew, and, in this case, *The Times* certainly ought to have known that no Church in Christendom ever opened its hospitable doors to the free entertainment of so many charitable institutions as does the City Temple; that no man ever preached without either fee or reward so many charity sermons as Dr. Parker, and that no Minister in our time ever gave away to his poorer brethren anything like so much of his annual income as did the generous, kind hearted, and open handed pastor of the City Temple.

Spadeful Six. "In a financial sense the City Temple has been an immense success."

What if it has, O *Times*? But who told thee? Hast thou any other ground than thy imagination for thy assertion? If a success, has it been honourably attained? And art thou, O *Times*, a financial success; and hast thou come to thy patrimony in as honourable a way? When I think of only one transaction of thine,—when I think of thy intimate association with Piggott, &c. &c. That Dr. Parker was not the kind of man thou hast tried to paint him I have only to point to his Will, and the comparatively small estate of which he died possessed. Now, O *Times*, please take thy dismissal.

Here is another good story showing Dr. Parker's love of money!

It took place in connection with the opening services of Stroud Green Church, North London. The morning preacher, a justly celebrated man, put his cheque for the service rendered, carefully away in his pocket-book, as he had a perfect right to do; Dr. Parker's was returned to the Treasurer's outside coat-pocket for the benefit of the Building Fund.

Talking about returning cheques, I am reminded that when a pulpit jubilee testimonial was being raised for Dr. Parker, Mr. J. L. Toole got ear of it, and sent through Mrs. Parker a cheque for three guineas. Thereupon *the* preacher wrote to *the* comedian and informed him that he had crossed it as "Payable on the Bank of Love." I believe I have seen that cheque gummed into the Doctor's Study Bible. What a charming way of saying that he could not accept the money which it represented, although perfectly ready to transfer the outward and visible sign to his most cherished possessions, nor was that by any means the only occasion on which he so acted. He set more store by the cheque than the cash, and never swept the gold into his treasury.

Corin remarks to Touchstone in "As You Like It:"—"I earn that I eat, get that I wear." The formula Joseph Parker used was, "Not one single sixpence do I possess but what this head or this hand has earned by honest toil." The boast was allowable. Business men have again and again testified that in the pulpit Dr. Parker was one of the very few preachers who made a study of how to say and do things. In a pre-eminent degree he cultivated what Carlyle calls the genius of taking pains. 'Twas this more than anything else that drew the crowd together to hear him. No doubt to the superficial observer it seemed all so easy and so natural, but perhaps no preacher ever gave himself so much trouble to get a crowd and to keep a crowd. Hence, as the years rolled away, his popularity was greatest at the last. All ranks and conditions of men were flocking to hear him, attracted by his increasingly multiform and multifold ministry, some to be amused at his wit, some to be offended by his rebukes, others to be hit by his scathing sarcasm and merciless satire, and all to feel the force and fervour of his evangelical appeals, and the beauty of it all was that to every man who was obedient to the heavenly vision, in a corresponding degree interest grew, instruction was imparted, encouragement, inspiration, and gratitude were begotten within him.

Nearly all who have written of Dr. Parker since his deeply lamented death have done so in the most eulogistic manner, and as if language had failed them to exalt him and his doings as they would have liked.

What Dr. Robertson Nicoll wrote in praise of Dr. Parker as a Preacher commanded my thankful admiration; for what he said of certain of his writings I have no gratitude: and, considering the circumstances, I think it was a pity that he should have asked Dr. Fairbairn to write the *appreciation* of Dr. Parker which appeared in the *British Weekly*.

Then the Rev. Daniel Burford Hooke feels that he ought to tell us about his grievance. He says,—“I sometimes differed as far as the east is from the west from what Dr. Parker said and did.” I know the distance from the east to the west is great, and I humbly think Mr. Hooke has gauged the difference between him and Dr. Parker accurately, but the man must be a hallucinationist who does not believe that the advantage is all on Dr. Parker's side.

I feel that I have not committed the truth to much of a hazard when I say that no preacher ever delivered a greater number of what are called

charity sermons than Dr. Parker, and I am credibly informed that whether he preached for the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, or the Methodists it was his practice to decline any remuneration for his services. So rigidly did he adhere to this self-denying ordinance, and he has somewhere put it on record, that after being fifty years in the Ministry he was not fifty shillings richer for any preaching outside his own pulpit. Why, this is simply wonderful! Supposing he preached fifty such charity, anniversary, chapel opening, or whatever else they may be called, sermons a year, which is a low calculation, for fifty years, that would make the total 2,500; and suppose that his genius, his fame, and his popularity as a preacher drew the crowd, and increased the collection by say £10 on each occasion, then in this way alone Dr. Parker, for he must be credited with the increase, contributed to charitable institutions the not inconsiderable sum of £25,000. Yet there are mean men who keep writing to me that Dr. Parker gave nothing to Charities.

The City Temple, which has cost nearly £80,000, £25,000 of which Dr. Parker had to beg and give himself, has been left by him for the uses and promotion of Congregationalism, and may be borrowed by the institutions of the Denomination for the veriest trifle, and yet men will wickedly talk of his having left our institutions nothing. Besides, I know, for he told me, that were his scheme for re-organising and reforming Congregationalism, which all admit it much needs, accepted, he would give £500 a-year to a Sustentation Fund as long as he lived, and I believe he would have entered into a security that it should be permanent. I feel I cannot say less than that the promises to help and support his scheme made to him in private by his brethren, and their performances in public, bitterly disappointed him.

I will here venture to quote myself:—"We think it may fairly be claimed that the sad tale the KOINONIA QUARTERLY had to tell from quarter to quarter of denominationally neglected but most worthy Ministers of Jesus Christ entered largely into the ears and heart of Dr. Parker, and constrained him, as Chairman of the C.U. for the second time, to prepare and deliver those two masterly and magnificent addresses on 'The United Congregational Church'—addresses so full of pity, love, and power, so cogent with arguments for immediate action, and so eloquent with the profoundest brotherly sympathy. Who that heard the sweet but discriminating words in regard to helping needy but noble servants of Christ will ever forget them? 'I would lovingly but abundantly sustain God's gentlefolk. We all know them. We all thank God for their patient and blessed service. They may or may not be conspicuous preachers, but they are devoted pastors, competent and edifying teachers, lights that break up the darkness of many a benighted parish. In God's name, they richly deserve to be tenderly and amply sustained in their holy work. How much does the country, through its length and breadth, owe to the unostentatious service of comparatively obscure Nonconformist Ministers? Is beauty of character, is modest but radiant example to go for nothing? To ask these questions in the face of such history as ours is like calling upon sunshine to produce a certificate of respectability, or humiliating a fruit-laden tree to solicit a testimonial from the undergrowth that gathers around its root." And all the people said, Amen. Oh, had the Assembly of the Congregational Union at Manchester only acted at once when the magic hand of oratorical power was laid upon its vital organs, and the voice of brotherly love had fully convinced its

heart, and had it gone at least as far in favour of a United Congregational Church as to pass a simple Declaratory Act that it should be formed and constituted, what persisted-in cruelty and bungling official delay would have been prevented. Everybody, then, was convinced that something definite should be done—and done at once—to commit the strong to bear the burdens of the weak, and the rich to minister to the necessities of the poor. Dr. Parker had expounded his benevolent plan of campaign with much moderation of speech, such consideration for the feelings of those who always object, having compassion on some making a difference, and, on the whole, with such conclusive reasoning as emboldens us to affirm that even the gainsayers were convinced. Nor were we surprised to hear from Dr. Parker that afterwards Mr. Woods summoned courage to lay his hand on the orator's shoulder, and in pleasing and somewhat impassioned accents exclaimed "Doctor, I love your scheme, I love it, I love it." Now, however, we are beginning to see that it was an evil day when our beloved brother Parker conferred with flesh and blood, and postponed striking the iron while it was hot. The more knowing ones as we are unfortunately finding out, asked time for consideration. With bated breath and whispering humbleness they requested the aroused assembly not to legislate in a panic. Time was allowed for the convinced to recover themselves. The drag was put upon the wheel. The phrensy of the passengers wore off, and whether the old Congregational Union Coach is moving or not nobody seems to know, and very few seem to care. The wiseacres said the first thing to be done was to consult the Churches, the District Committees, the County Associations, and the Colleges. A circular letter was written and sent round. In the meantime nobody was to bias opinion, and all were to show how honourably they could behave. Letters and articles were accordingly written, but, of course, that was nothing, seeing they proceeded from the pens of "the principal leaders!" The upshot of the whole is that the enthusiasm has been killed, the dear old Doctor has gone, and the scandal of good worthy Congregational Ministers starving from want and neglect goes on as before.

ON Sunday, the 24th of August last, I was taking the services at Chesham Congregational Church, and in the afternoon, in company with my host, I went to see Dr. Parker, who was at that time resting at Chesham Bois. The town of Chesham is situated in a pleasant fertile valley, watered by the River Chess flowing through it into the River Colne. Our way to Chesham Bois lay through the rapidly-increasing town, after which we entered a long, tangled wood, which, for a considerable part of the journey, afforded a congenial shade from the hot sun overhead. By and by we came upon a winsome moor beset with reeds and rushes and streaked here and there with tiny water courses, and presently we found ourselves before a two-storey double-fronted house with an unpretending portico, and, surmounting all, was an attic with storm windows. There is an oblong garden in the front, about fifty yards deep and ten wide, and ditto, ditto, at the back. Before venturing a call, we thought it might be just as well to be somewhat assured that we had arrived at the right house and that it might be wise to feel our way gently into the great Doctor's presence. This appeared to me all the more the wiser course on account of my having company with me. We therefore looked around. What appeared to be the Vicarage stood away a short distance on the other side, in its own grounds—should we ask there? We did not so resolve. Outside the garden enclosure on the open common under a clump of majestic trees sat a gentleman canonically attired, and reading something, perhaps his sermon for night—should we ask him? I had previously heard that he had been good enough to call on Dr. Parker and had in other ways shown my distinguished friend attention and kindness, so I decided not to disturb him. Just then, passing by, was a gentlemanly-looking youth and I accosted him inquiring which was Annie Swan's house? "O," said he, "that is only her novelist name, her real name is Mrs. Burnett Smith, wife of Dr. Burnett Smith, and that"—pointing to the house which I have described—"is where she lives." We walked up the path, and rang the bell. A woman of capacity—one who evidently knew not only how to keep house,

but to manage—told us Dr. Parker was just then asleep, but if it would suit us to call back in half-an-hour we might see him. We took a walk round. Chesham Bois is high above the level of the sea, and the air is the most gracious, genial and re-invigorating inhaleable. Nature, all around was sweet, simple, sovereign ; no smoke of railway trains anywhere near, no trams, no omnibuses, no noise of lumbering machinery ; but a bit of pure, uncontaminated God-made country. This brings us back to Annie Swan's house. "Yes, Dr. Parker is awake and he will see you." I thought there was just a shade of a look of surprise as she said this. The door of his room is thrown open. As we entered, I said, "Well, Doctor." "Come in, I know that voice. Glad to see you." And after an affectionate shake of the hand, he said "Pray be seated." Dr. Parker is lying on a couch half-way up the room, with his head to the door and his face to the window, and when I brought my friend far enough forward into the light to be able to introduce him I hurriedly told who he was and what he would like to do—how that he had a large house with every appointment for comfort on one of the uplands round Chesham commanding the most magnificent views in Bucks, a wife that was kindness itself, and three fair young creatures of His all-fashioning hand, and that I had been commissioned to say that they would all be delighted to do what in them lay to nurse him back to perfect health and strength. I also enlarged upon the outward surroundings and said that my host had planted trees, reared cairns, laid out walks, invented mazes, and had made the entire place just lovely. "Where is this Paradise?" inquired Dr. Parker. He was told, and then followed an outburst of heartfelt gratitude in reference to the wonderful kindness, sympathy, and affection which he was receiving on every hand. He said "I have been perfectly overwhelmed with the remarkable tokens of affection which from all quarters and from everybody, I have received during the dark and trying weeks of trouble. I have been a man who all his life has fought the north wind, and my individuality has necessarily led to much self-assertiveness on the part of not a few. The letters from friends, known and unknown, and from many who have been my opponents, and the resolutions from churches, societies, and meetings, all of which I have greatly appreciated, but which I find it impossible to reply to, have, I tell you completely overwhelmed me for I cannot understand how now everybody should be so kind." I suggested that it might be gratitude as well as kindness, and instanced my friend who was with me as one who read the Doctor's printed prayers at family worship (here the Doctor looked towards mine host and

bowed his head and said, "That is good"). This gave my host his chance, and being naturally an eloquent man he made quite an oration to the effect that it would be the delight of his soul to increase the blessing of recovery, to serve in any way, however humble, so noble a citizen, so great a preacher, so gifted a teacher, and so grand a moral and spiritual guide of the people; that his wife would be glad to have Dr. Parker in her house; and that his daughters would vie with each other to show him every kindness, and now if he would only say the word he would carry him off, and be glad to do so. But the Doctor had made certain arrangements, and he must, therefore, consider; and, here I beg to leave the eventualities of the kind and pressing invitation. I may say, however, that as he thought of the kindness upon kindness which at last everybody was heaping upon him the fountains of his heart seemed broken up with emotion, and the sight of him reminded me of the boy to whom the new schoolmaster said, "I don't believe you are a dull boy, and I feel quite sure that you could do anything if you were only to try." "Pray, sir, don't, I entreat. Nobody has ever spoken a kind word to me all my life, and I can't stand it." I have long known Dr. Parker, and I have long been aware of the fact that kind things said to him fairly "killed" him. Perhaps no one, certainly, nobody I knew, more required kind things to be said to him to make him do his best. I, often, after the Thursday noon service, when the duties appeared to have been more exhausting than usual to him, went into his vestry, and extolled his discourse, adding that I thought his voice and his strength and his mind were marvellous. Sometimes I have said, "Doctor, you never did better; you have done me good," and made off again. Then it was that anybody could have seen how susceptible he was to kind words, aye, and he never forgot you for saying them, and saying them *to* him. One of his greetings on one of these occasions was, I fondly recollect, "*Here comes old faithful*" or "*ever faithful*," I forget, and it does not very much matter, which. He had known that for years and years he might depend upon me to do with both hands whatever he asked me or whatever he thought I could do *for him*. The room in which we found Dr. Parker resting, and which he chiefly occupied during the day, was very plain and quiet, but it had one great advantage—very great to a man whose heart is affected—its domestic accommodation and the natural surroundings were nearly all on the same level. There was therefore in going into the garden and on the adjacent common—redolent of health—little or no climbing, and so the great difficulty connected with his London residence was thus overcome.

During our interview I saw him look affectionately all around and I waited for his verdict. "Do you know," said he, "this is the only place to which we have been and to which we have ever wanted to come again?" And here and now I also give my verdict that I found the Doctor very much better. He told me he had been sleeping well and eating well, and evidently he was putting on flesh and growing stronger in wind and limb every day. He said he was free from pain, and was making slow, steady, satisfactory, and uninterrupted progress. He was what is called quite well, but weak. When he got up from his couch I saw that he did so with considerable ease and vigour, nevertheless, everybody could see he needed a long time of rest, and I emphasised the fact as much as I dared. I found that his mind was as clear and mighty as I had ever known it, and I also discovered that he was keeping himself well abreast of the great questions of the day. The other day his most intimate and sympathetic friend, Mr. J. Morgan Richards, said to me "I cannot understand why Dr. Parker is not still with us." Neither can I, except on the ground that I am going to state. As I have already said, his great recuperative powers were working splendidly, and I believe he would have been among us to-day had it not been for that rash resolution which he formed that he would appear in his pulpit on Thursday, the 25th September, and had he been forbidden and prevented by his doctors and friends from carrying it into effect. I must not forget to say that in conversation the Doctor wanted to know about the Rev. Samuel Thompson, of Felixstowe, who had written to him and mentioned my name and enclosed to him some verses on "Waiting" which the Doctor said were evidently kindly meant; the Rev. C. N. Barham, one of our Ministers, who has recently been called to the Bar; and he was specially interested in the Rev. E. Bristow, the new young Minister of Chesham Congregational Church, and asked Deacon Reynolds, my host, all manner of questions about Mr. Bristow's powers, prospects and chances of success, expressed towards him the heartiest goodwill and sent him a very kind message of friendly and fraternal greeting. When we were about to say "Goodbye" to him I went towards him and took hold of his arm, but he anticipated me, by remarking, "Oh, I am not so thin." Said I, "Doctor, you look well," and he apologised for his high colour by saying the sun had bronzed his face. The fact is he was living nearly all the time in the open air, and such air, air that was nourishing him and feeding him and making him strong and well, and all he wanted was more of it and a longer rest. The Doctor having a marked and striking personality was fast becoming known by sight to everybody living in the neighbourhood. A Chesham tradesman,

driving one day over the Common, saw a man with a broken down appearance approach Dr. Parker, and after a short parley between the two, he saw the Doctor pass something from his pocket to the tramp. Then the man bent down towards his boots, did a little execution of some sort, and rising, handed something back to the Doctor. Shortly afterwards, the tradesman curious, perhaps, to know what it had all been about, foregathered with the stranger, and asked him if he knew to whom he had been talking? "No," the stranger replied, "Is he a tragedian?" He was told it was the great Dr. Parker. "What," said the tramp, "Dr. Parker of the City Temple. Why, I asked him if he had got such a thing as a knife to lend me, as I wanted to cut some rags from the bottom of my trousers, and he took a knife from his pocket, and after I had bent down and used the knife, I handed it back to him," and the Doctor said, "Have you been brought to this by misfortune or by your own conduct?" The tradesman thinks the tramp got something more from the Doctor than the loan of his knife. So do I. And now I must tell my readers how I came by absolutely the last portrait which Dr. Parker had taken of himself, and which speaking likeness I hope they will all agree with me, lends a unique interest to this Memorial. At Chesham Bois the Doctor spent the most of his time on the Common, sometimes reading or being read to. One day a young gentleman so seeing him, ventured to address him and express the hope that he was getting better. "O, thank you, very much," said the Doctor, "I am getting better and stronger every day." The kind inquirer, encouraged by the courteousness of the great man, then asked in a subdued and moderated tone if the Doctor would object to his taking a snapshot of him. The Doctor in his kingliest manner, said, "O, dear, no," doffed his hat, dropped it gracefully at his side, stood there erect as a column, and as everybody can see, looked every inch a man.

JAMES IRVING.

"Thou madest him to have dominion."

BEACHY HEAD is the most dominant feature of the South Coast. He who has not seen Beachy Head has not seen the South Coast. To the mariner, tourist, scientist, day-dreamer it is outstanding. What the South Coast would be without Beachy Head, London is without Dr. Parker. No one who has been accustomed to hear Dr. Parker at the City Temple can enter London now without feeling a sense of loneliness. A voice is stilled and a presence obliterated which stood for more than all other voices and personalities combined. He was an outstanding man. No one could see him on the other side of the way without asking, "Who is that?" And no one could hear him without asking, "What manner of man is this?" There was none like him.

If it be true that when God made Charles Haddon Spurgeon He broke the mould, it is equally or even more true of Dr. Parker. Spurgeon could be imitated and has left hundreds of echoes in the modern pulpit, but Parker stood alone and has no successors. His outstanding greatness projected itself in two directions, namely, of pulpit oratory, and theological originality. Dr. Winter Hamilton, Dr. Raffles, Angel James, James Parsons, Morley Punshon, Dr. Dale, and Enoch Mellor were all distinguished preachers, but compared with Dr. Parker, they were men of the plain. Parker was a mountain man. Many Biblical expositors have appeared; but Parker excelled them all. Since the days of Johannis Trapp there has been none so original or suggestive, and he leaves Trapp as far behind him as Trapp outstripped his compeers and those that went before. When Parker took a text, no one could imagine what he would say, and when he had spoken, everyone felt that he had said something that had never been said before. They who have never heard Parker are to be pitied. The next best thing they can do is to get his books and read them, and pray to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift to give them the hearing ear and the understanding heart.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Parker was when he was Minister of Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, and I knew him then only by report. His fugitive utterances which found their way into the provincial press captured my imagination. I was then a pastor in a Yorkshire town. I longed to see him. My first sight was at the Meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, held in Huddersfield. At those meetings the orator who preceded Dr. Parker spoke on what he called Erastianism, and the Doctor, on being called upon to speak, asked what it was, and administered to the previous speaker, what some thought, a most humiliating castigation. On the following morning, Enoch Mellor met Parker in the roadway, and said, "Why did you make that speech, last night?" He replied, "Because I was a fool!" Some time after this, I was in London at the May Meetings when Parker was in the greatness of his power at the City Temple. I stayed at a large private hotel in Southampton Row. At the long breakfast-table, I sat opposite two gentlemen who had come up to London to attend some meetings on the Higher Life, in Cannon Street Hotel. The waitresses at the table were young women of about twenty years of age, and one of the Higher Life men heard the young woman who waited on us say that she attended Dr. Parker's ministry, and he said, "Ah! we have heard a great deal about that man, would you kindly tell us what makes you attend his ministry?" She said, "Because I loike him." He said, "Why do you like him?" She said, "Because he gives it 'em." Some time after this, I was up in London, and met a young temperance orator from the North. I said, "Have you heard Parker?" He said, "No, who is he?" I said, "Come and see." He went with me to the Thursday Service. I took him into a side pew, about half-way down on the left-hand, facing the pulpit, and placed him near the wall. Parker was at his best. A large number of delegates and ministers were present, and he preached a sermon on official humility. In the course of his sermon he told us that he was once appointed on a deputation to a public meeting in the North of England. "Think of it, Brethren," he said, "a Deputation! When we entered the train at King's Cross, we did so with an air of unusual importance. When we arrived at the Northern terminus we felt as if the platform trembled beneath our feet, and

when we entered the public meeting we became inflated with extraordinary self-consciousness. We were a Deputation! The eyes of all England were upon us. The words we uttered would shake the whole earth! When we had spoken, we had to go out by a back door quickly, to catch a train, and we found a man reared up against a wall smoking a short pipe, who said, 'I say, Mister, what's going on ee there?'" My friend wriggled about in his seat, held his sides, slid down into the bottom of the pew, and laughed, and cried, and shook till the whole neighbourhood around was convulsed. When we got out, I said, "Well, what think ye?" "Aye, thou," he said, "I shall never be the same again. It is a revelation. I am re-made. I shall bless you to all eternity that ever I heard him. I have received a new inspiration."

About that time, Parker was greatly criticised for his public mannerisms, especially by members of the Cloth, and one Thursday, when he knew a great number of them would be present, he took for his text the words, I am Joseph, and preached a powerful sermon on the advantages of individuality. After that time offensive, bitter, and cynical criticism gradually subsided.

When I came from the North to settle in London, I had many opportunities of both seeing and hearing the mighty man. I found there was a good deal of animosity and dislike regarding him, which I could not understand; and I set myself quietly to find out the reason of it; and after careful and prolonged observation, I found it to be jealousy. He had risen step by step to a double-premier position, and many of those who had previously held a middling first, did not like it.

Soon after this, I became a member of the Executive of the London Congregational Board. Parker was also a member. Whenever he was present, the business was got through in about ten minutes, and we were regaled with sallies of Parkerian wit. He hated committee work with perfect hatred, and regarded it as an abuse of force.

He was the first in this country who began systematically to publish his public prayers. No one can regret now that he did it. Some of the members of my congregation were shocked at the time, but afterwards, greatly appreciated the service. Many of his prayers were prose poems of the highest order, which for diction and devotion have never been equalled. And there were in his prayers, as in his sermons, many asides which will live in the memory of those who heard them, but which have never been recorded in print. A Scotch lady wrote me two or three years ago, saying she would be in London on a certain Sunday, where was she to go? I replied, hear Parker. She afterwards wrote me to say she went, and could never be too thankful, for he said things needed to be said, which no one else seemed to dare to say. Even in his prayer, he said, "O God, pity the poor fools who are always busy doing nothing!"

Having worked in a London pastorate eleven years, I was present on almost every great occasion in connection with his career at the City Temple. I was also present in Manchester when he delivered his address from the Chair on what has been called, Dr. Parker's Scheme. My own impression at the time was, and now is, that his great mistake was in leaving his address in the hands of a few who sat round him. He should himself, before he sat down, have moved the following resolution:—"That the Constitution of the Congregational Union of England and Wales be immediately revised." That would have been carried, and the Denomination would have been committed to a seriatim process of revision and amendment, long and

greatly needed. Whereas now, it is committed to nothing. It is as you were before you were.

I was present at the City Temple when he recently returned after his long illness, and heard his sermon on "If God Will," and I was shocked to see the physical change which had come over him. I went into the Vestry to shake hands with him; he spoke cheerfully, though not hopefully, and wished me a hearty Godspeed. I heard also his last sermon, on Biblical Suppositions, and came away with a heavy heart, feeling sure that I should see his face, and hear his voice no more. So it proved. He never appeared in public again.

Two or three years ago, I had occasion to visit him in his own house, and after a tender and memorable interview in his study, he thanked me for going to see him and thrust a sovereign into my hand, which he made me take, to pay my railway expenses.

He loved Beachy Head, and one of his greatest holiday treats was to stay at the small hotel on the summit, when he would tie a handkerchief round his brow and go out and dance on the Downs by himself in high glee. The Coastguard men used to watch him, and thought he was a madman; and when told by one of the members of my Church that he was Dr. Parker, the great preacher of the City Temple, they said, You are making game! He loved the loneliness of Beachy Head, for, he said, generally in the morning there was no one to be seen but a few women selling oranges, and tailors on horseback, and he could revel in the glories of creation without serious interruption. The last time he visited Beachy Head he came down and called on me at my residence here. The late Dr. Newth was with him, and after conversing together for about half an hour, I said, "Who will be able to take your place at the City Temple, Dr. Parker, when you are gone?" He said, "God will raise up someone from under the floor."

Eastbourne.

GEO. THOMPSON.

AN INTERVIEW.

THE Editor has asked me to write my impressions of Dr. Parker. I suppose he wishes to set the impression of a stranger and outsider against the intimate recollections which he has already gathered.

It was before the intentions of the Government in regard to the Education Bill had been declared, and when many people thought a compromise was possible, that the Editor introduced me to Dr. Parker, as I was anxious to have the opinion of one of the greatest of Nonconformist leaders.

Dr. Parker was already in the grasp of the illness which was to prove fatal. I believe that weakness and pain had made him a very different man from what he was in his prime, but I was surprised at the intense force of his personality—we had gone to one of Dr. Parker's Thursday addresses at the City Temple—and the immense range and expressiveness of that wonderful voice.

No one could fail to be struck by the dramatic appropriateness of the tones and gestures which emphasised Dr. Parker's oratory. It has been the subject of almost universal remark. But it is clear that though the Doctor might have been—and for myself I incline to think he was—an Irving and a

Toole in combination, that would not have accounted for the phenomenon of crowds of City men leaving their business at the busiest time of the day to hang upon his words. If it is not presumptuous of me to try to explain the secret of Dr. Parker's influence on the kind of men that most religious influences do not affect at all, I should find the explanation here. Dr. Parker treated religion before everything else as the guide of conduct, and his ministry appealed to hard-headed, practical men because he showed them how to apply religious principles to the questions which confronted them as citizens, as employers, and in all those social relations which are too often almost ignored in the vague generalities of pulpit eloquence.

When our time came, in the vestry, after the service, for an interview with Dr. Parker—he was as usual besieged by crowds of people who came for advice and guidance—I was even more struck by the directness and I might almost say the bluntness of his intellectual attitude. In fact I may admit that this idiosyncrasy of his was somewhat embarrassing to me. I had thought long and tentatively about an intricate question, and Dr. Parker proposed to cut the Gordian knot in a moment. I believe he was right, but it staggered me to find that Dr. Parker had not the slightest hesitation in choosing a definite, uncompromising line where experts who had given up their whole lives to the study of the question were balancing in indecision.

I shall never forget the crisp, forceful enunciation of a whole point of view in two or three rapid sentences. And the sum of my observations was that here was an orator certainly, an actor if you like, not so much perhaps of the theologian or the soldier, but first and foremost and beyond all a leader of men.

J. A. NICKLIN, M.A. (of the *Daily Chronicle*.)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THESE recollections refer chiefly to the *early* Ministry of this great man. They have to do with the beginning, and not the close of his remarkable career. They carry us back to his immaturity rather than forward to his maturity, and they partly explain his exceptional power as a preacher, and his ever-increasing grace as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

My first introduction to Dr. Parker was in 1860, when I became a student at Cavendish College, Manchester. About the origin, purpose, and history of the College space will not permit me to enlarge, but this may be said, the College was the offspring of Dr. Parker's fertile brain, and that he soon gathered around him, from all parts of the land, a band of earnest intelligent young students. These men were not chosen for their scholarly attainments, but rather because of their evangelical experience and their known aptitude for preaching. To the training of these men—in conjunction with Dr. Paton and the Rev. J. R. Thomson, M.A.—Dr. Parker gave himself with an ability and zeal that made a lasting impression upon every man who came within the range of his magnetic and inspiring influence. The College, after an experimental period, was transferred to Nottingham, but Dr. Parker had the joy of seeing the settlement of many of his students over important Churches, and the establishment of an institution that he considered necessary to meet the special requirements of some of our denomination.

Dr. Parker was a Student among Students.—In some appreciations of his life and character reference has been made to what “might have been” had he received a more liberal education in his youth. Indeed a feeling of regret has been expressed that he did not receive a University training, but those who know Dr. Parker’s miserly husbanding of his spare moments, and the strenuous and well directed efforts he made to fit himself for his sacred work, do not look back with regret, but rather with thankfulness that he was what he was. The writer of these recollections not only knew Dr. Parker as a student amongst his students, but was for a time his private secretary, and had special opportunities of observing the extent of his reading, and his unquenchable thirst for knowledge. There was probably not one Minister in a thousand who had a more profound reverence for the Word of God, or such a comprehensive knowledge of its contents. The readiness with which he quoted unfamiliar passages, and the aptness with which he applied them to the varying experiences of life were a constant surprise to those who heard him. Passages that seemed dark and unmeaning to the superficial observer literally gleamed with light and beauty immediately the Doctor opened their meaning. But his studies were not confined to one book. They were broad and varied, and his mental equipment far more complete than was generally supposed. He not only kept himself well abreast of the latest results of the ripest criticism, but found time, for at least some years for extending his knowledge of both Latin and Greek. The extent and variety of his reading sometimes showed itself in ordinary conversation, but in his public ministry, art, science, philosophy, poetry, and the drama, were all laid under contribution to enrich his subtle, yet lucid and brilliant expositions. He had a logical mind, and a nimble wit. He was a master of the most biting sarcasm, and was seldom surpassed in the point and spontaneity of his humour. Woe betide his assailant if he misquoted an author, or tripped in his logic. Once when the Doctor was debating a theological question in an assembly of Ministers, and had torn his opponents’ arguments to tatters, he was meekly asked by a Minister—“But, Doctor, I suppose you will give a man the power to reply?” “No, sir,” said the Doctor, “I will *not*. I will give him the *right* to reply, I cannot give him the power.”

Dr. Parker was a Preacher among Preachers.—“Preaching,” he used to say, “was his hobby,” and this was literally true. No one could listen to his jubilant voice without feeling that preaching was a delight, a passion, a welcome, but sacred recreation. Dr. Parker commenced his ministry at a time when Congregationalism was singularly rich in preaching power both in London and the Provinces. Dr. Raffles was the Minister at Great George Street, Liverpool; James Parsons, at Salem Chapel, York; Dr. Guinness Rogers, at Ashton; Dr. Dale, at Carr’s Lane, Birmingham; Dr. Mellor, at Square Chapel, Halifax; Dr. Conder, at Leeds; Thomas Jones, at Swansea; Dr. David Thomas, at Bristol; Samuel Martin, at Westminster; Newman Hall, at Surrey Chapel; Baldwin Brown, at Brixton; Dr. Raleigh, at Canonbury; and Dr. Binney, at the Weighhouse. There were giants in those days, but Dr. Parker soon took a foremost place among the great preachers, and for many years could gather together at any hour of the day, and on any day of the week, such audiences as no other Minister ever commanded. His mid-day service at the City Temple awakened a world-wide interest, and was for many years the greatest spiritual force in London. He was a born preacher, and, what was more, was born again to preach. His style was

unique, and absolutely inimitable for its dramatic force and epigrammatic beauty. Both his manner and his matter were strikingly emphatic. He could depict a character, or even portray a mood, in such glowing colours, and such appropriate gestures, as to awaken either the deepest sorrow or the most irresistible mirth. Dr. Parker probably owed a considerable part of his extraordinary power to his physical and intellectual endowments, but these powers were developed by the most persistent and strenuous training, and then crowned and inspired by the abounding grace of God. Scrappy notes of Dr. Parker's sermons have been published which seem to say, "see what wonderful things he could accomplish, by apparently the slightest preparation." But those who know the Doctor's prolonged, methodical, and vigorous preparation, know how misleading such suggestions are. The Doctor literally saturated his mind with every subject he studied, before he either wrote or uttered a sentence in public. The more carefully he thought out his theme, the less was he dependent upon notes. His habit was to look at a subject till it looked at him, and always to keep the tail end of his sermon well in hand. On one occasion he preached a most thoughtful and impressive sermon in Southport without a single note before him. He was afterwards complimented by an admiring hearer on the effectiveness of "extemporaneous speech," to which the Doctor replied, "I have written and re-written the sermon you have just heard, *eleven* times." When the Doctor was the principal of Cavendish College, he undertook the entire charge of the homiletic class. He was then expounding the Gospel of Matthew on Sunday mornings in Cavendish Church to crowded congregations, and his custom was, before preaching on a given paragraph, to request the students to prepare and read an outline on the passage in class. Occasionally a solitary thought of a student could be recognised in the exposition of the tutor, but usually the whole treatment was lifted to a much higher plain of thought, and being enforced by cogent arguments, and illuminated by the most appropriate similes, they were made extremely profitable to those who heard them. These sermons were not merely preached, but preached again and again both in Manchester and London, and after the most careful revision, they were ultimately published in three volumes, under the title of "*The Inner Life of Christ.*" Let no one suppose that these lucid and suggestive expositions were shaken from the Doctor's coat-sleeve in a few mornings before breakfast. They were the ripened fruit of many years of incessant thought and careful pruning, and the result is, they are always fresh and forcible, and contain a wealth of devout and spiritual teaching from which the thoughtful reader rises a stronger, wiser, and better man.

Dr. Parker was a Brother among Brethren.—This word "brother" may sound a little discordant to some of my readers, but it is, nevertheless, true. To those who were but slightly acquainted with the Doctor he may have seemed harsh and inconsiderate, but to those who knew him intimately he certainly revealed qualities of mind and heart that were both surprising and delightful. The fact is, Dr. Parker was a many-sided man—independent, self-reliant, original, impulsive—and his varying moods may have been sometimes surprising to himself. He could repel a man by an unmistakable frown, or attract him by a most winsome smile. He could be as cold as a blizzard to an intrusive bore, or as warm as a ray of sunshine to a brother in distress. In Manchester, for a time, the least pleasing aspect of Dr. Parker's rugged nature often asserted itself. He was like a stranger in a strange land,

unknown and apparently unknowable. His ministry was a marvellous success, but then, unfortunately, as Cavendish filled, some of the neighbouring Churches had greater space for their members, and Ministers are but men, and the best of men are but men at the best. Then the establishment of the College was considered by some neither desirable nor necessary, but rather an overlapping of work already in operation. The religious atmosphere became disturbed, and misunderstandings led to misrepresentations which did not foster a spirit of mutual consideration and brotherly love. Among the Cavendish students there was one man of exceptional promise who soon became in great request by some of the leading vacant Churches. A report was circulated that he was wearing a bogus German degree, and that he was also preaching Dr. MacLaren's sermons. This report awakened a wide-spread feeling of indignation, and Dr. Parker demanded that the charges should be thoroughly and publicly investigated. He took the student into his own home, showed a most fatherly solicitude in his welfare, and defended him with a courage and ability that called forth many expressions of admiration. The result of this inquiry was, that the atmosphere was cleared, and a better feeling generated, but it was an investigation on which Dr. Parker risked his position as a Minister, and may partly account for the aloofness and caution which afterwards characterised his intercourse with some of his brethren.

What more shall I say of our departed friend and brother? I might speak of his gracious words, and his noble deeds, of his generous gifts, and his whole hearted sympathy. Many a deserving brother has he lifted over a difficult place, and many a dark home has he brightened by his timely and practical help; or I might speak of his unbounded love for little children, and tell of occasions on which, in the back streets of Manchester, he would sit on a door-step and gather the children around him. As he talked to them in his inimitable way, they listened with open-eyed wonder, and his face beamed with delight. Or I might speak of his devotional spirit, which not only found a fitting expression in his printed prayers, but in his social intercourse with his brethren. I have been present when the Doctor has entertained a dozen Ministers to a sumptuous tea in his own house, and after a few games of draughts and chess, he would close the amusements, and in a most reverent spirit call upon first one and then another to lead their devotions, and to ask the blessing of Almighty God first upon themselves, and then upon the members and office bearers of the Churches they represented.

Dr. Parker appealed to my youthful imagination in many ways. His striking figure, his massive head, his mobile face, his dramatic action, and his sonorous and oftentimes pathetic voice, all seemed to set him apart as a great and distinguished man. My early impressions of his marvellous powers never diminished, but after a time it was not his persuasive eloquence, nor ready wit, nor ripened wisdom, nor striking originality that excited my admiration, but his fearless courage, his profound faith, his tender sympathy, and his devout and reverent spirit; and my admiration broadened and deepened through an unbroken friendship that existed for forty-two years.

Caterham Valley.

JOSEPH T. WOODHOUSE.

FULL of years and honour, enjoying an influence over men of all classes that seemed to grow with every year, Dr. Parker has been called to the Homeland, and the higher service. It was a waiting ear that heard the Master's call, and no one would have the heart, if he had the power, to call him back ; but the world seems poorer and darker for his loss, and nothing remains for us but to treasure the impressions he made upon us.

The most certain, the most lasting impression he made was one of overflowing vitality. In spite of threescore years and ten, of grey hairs and stooping shoulders, it seemed impossible to feel that Dr. Parker was old. He was as spontaneous and incalculable as a little child. No one could foretell what he would do on any given occasion ; and when he stood up to speak it was impossible to guess what he would say. Strangers sometimes thought him unnatural, because he said and did what few would venture even to think ; but larger knowledge showed him to be a brave, strong, great man, able to speak with overwhelming power, because he dared to say exactly what he thought and felt. He belonged to the age when there was no King in Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes. Like Samson, Jonathan, or David, he could take the whole weight of the battle, on his own two shoulders, and gain a victory singlehanded. It is true he never learnt company-drill, he was not of much use in volley-firing, nor could he be depended on to carry out the plans of some superior officer, skilled in tactics. He did not shine in detail work, or on committees, where he was inept, unhappy, and where his active sympathy threatened disaster to his friends ; but when the day of battle came it was a thought of cheer that he was on our side.

Nothing showed his powers better than the magnificent effort on behalf of organised Congregationalism that marked his second tenure of the Chair of the Congregational Union. The cause the Koinonia stands for was making slow headway ; it was evident that opposing prejudices were powerful and strongly entrenched ; almost any other Chairman would have obeyed the unwritten law which prescribes that the addresses from the chair must be on non-controversial topics. Dr. Parker's choice was to champion the movement that had least of the sympathy of the powerful, and he chose the way that bristled with pitfalls ; he so pleaded the need of the weakest that for a time every tongue that fain would have spoken against new aims and methods was silenced. In committee they gained what they could, but in the meetings of the Union no man dared to say nay to the Doctor's plea. As a personal triumph it was magnificent ; as the act of an ingrained individualist, it was a great sacrifice to the brotherly love that looks on the things of others rather than on the things of self ; and it was a glorious fulfilment of the hopes which the Koinonia built on the uniform helpfulness and sympathy they always found in him.

He has gone, and our foes will rally ; the victory may be delayed ; but he has so fought our battle that victory is certain now ; and when it comes it will bring to no one fuller and more lasting honour than to Joseph Parker, the great hearted brother of every man in need.

But if this is the chaplet the Koinonia owes to its great champion, it must be remembered that his throne was the pulpit. Year after year the congregation at the City Temple included the most famous thinkers and

speakers. The theories of ecclesiastical exclusiveness yielded to his charm, and men proud of apostolic orders mingled with ministers of many denominations, learning from him how to tell out the message of God. Men of business found it possible to spend an hour with him on Thursdays year after year; and young men intoxicated with London's freedom of thought often found in him a saviour from shipwreck.

In a day when the Word of God was incessantly attacked, and the multitude looked upon its claims with suspicion, he became its champion. He left to others the battle of scholarly details, but grasped the Bible as a sword, and with it pierced his hearers to the heart. As they listened to his words, men felt afresh the power with which the scriptures demonstrate themselves in the region of conscience. Those who had been content to speculate on the trend of modern thought, became conscious of personal need, and eagerly drank of the living waters. Men of all churches, and of no church, thronged to hear him, for, like Elijah, he answered their questions with peals of thunder, and fire from heaven. How gentle he could be, too! The mystery of the Cross has never been told more tenderly; nor sinful despairing hearts more gently wooed; the lightning flash and the power of tears were joined in him.

The man was built on a scale fitted for the work. His form, especially the head and face, was massive, rugged, leonine; to see him amongst his brethren, was to feel that Goldsmith's description of the preacher applied to him with an unique appropriateness:—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Rears from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the stormy clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The powers that nature had given him were cultivated with the utmost care. When he spoke, every word, every syllable, did its work with the perfection of skill that comes from nothing but the most ungrudging study and practice. As the master of the harp lays his hand upon his instrument, sounding every note pure and true, so he laid his hand upon his hearers' heart-strings, with a skill that told of years of meditation on the secrets of the soul. His message, too, was the fruit of long study as well as insight. If latterly he took but little active part in passing controversies, it was evident that he carefully studied them, though he found his chosen ground in the truths that change but little with changing years. But if he preached the old, how new he made it. What we had always known, became a discovery when he expounded it to us; it was a country we had travelled before, but he made us see that its lakes were unfathomable, and that its sky reached up to God.

It was a life well proportioned and complete. Its ideal had been attained and justified; its tasks had been accomplished; its youth had been retained almost until the last; his brethren could not withhold their affection; the world had learned to honour him; and the sorrow was universal when he turned from us, well pleased, to seek his Master's face.

Sheerness.

J. CRAIG KELLY.

"Dormit in Pace."

BALMORAL without Queen Victoria, Hawarden without W. E. Gladstone, the Tabernacle without C. H. Spurgeon, the West End Mission without H. Price Hughes, and the City Temple without Joseph Parker! All these, alas! are

accomplished facts. But our hearts are sore and heavy as we think of these last two names translated within twelve days of each other. Every one says : What a loss !

We shall, many a time, sigh for a glance at that dome-like head, broad forehead and penetrating eye, and yearn for a sound of that rolling voice that could thunder out some stormy word, or whisper a sweet one with the gentleness of a woman's pathos. Joseph Parker has "passed beyond the sound of voices, where is peace."

He was our one Congregational genius. We have among us more scholarly men, we have writers whose works will probably last longer, and certainly be read longer by studious people, we have also greater organisers, but we have no man left with that impressive forceful individuality, and unlimited fecundity of original thought and manner, dramatic, satirical, witty, epigrammatic, and so capable of impressing at any given moment the public mind.

What a ministry—unique in style, ever fruitful in blessing, attractive, stimulating, often mellow, always interesting—was his at the City Temple ! What a spell it cast over young ministers, city merchants, statesmen, town councillors, foreign visitors, young clerks, hardheaded and critical journalists. He was essentially a *man's* minister. He made you forget London fog by his crystalline clearness, he lifted you from the greasy pavement to the breeze of the bracing hills, he made you feel in the heat and rush of a materialised world the solemn realities of eternity. And his was the heart of a child. Who could be at once so tremendous and so gentle ? To the bore he was a scourge, but to the true man a tender friend. How he loved his brethren, and would do anything possible for them. Who has made more journeys and rendered more service and without fee or reward ? Who has more bravely championed a weak cause when he saw it to be timely, necessary, and just ?

Of course, there was an utter absence of red tape in his methods, no rigid system could ever have kept him within its narrow lines. He was too sincere, too brave, too big in mind and soul, too unique in capacity and mission to have ever become a mechanical servitor of routine. Some smaller men never understood him, and the smallest of all in soul disliked him, while some truly able men often differed from him. But many truly loved him !

His evangelical faith was a passion, his preaching was often a tempestuous enthusiasm, and the impact of his personality was all-constraining and irresistible. His heart was as big as his head, and even a little bigger, and his goodness of soul was as great as his natural genius.

But his last, brave, weighty effort, members of the Koinonia will never, never forget that. He unfurled the standard of United Congregationalism. His last great address was as broad and statesmanlike as it was great-hearted and timely. The standard has fallen from his hands, but whenever the country pastor's stipend is raised, and his retiring allowance is assured as a right, and the throb of a deeper sympathy runs along the wires of a truly united Congregationalism, "this which this man has done in 1901 shall be spoken of for a memorial of him."

Never shall we see his like again: grand and meteoric, yet true and faithful servant of his Master as he ever was. Death has "set him at *her* side again" who was his consoler and inspirer, for the tender heart of the great preacher has never been healed since the day they were parted. Farewell, great tender Leader of the United Congregational Host !

Worthing.

J. P. PERKINS.

THE death of Dr. Parker has removed the most outstanding Free Churchman of our time. The back pews of the City Temple were in the woods of America and the wilds of Australia. His fame was simply world-wide. To-day some of us that knew and loved him well can hardly realise that he is gone to "where beyond these voices there is peace." That we shall never see and hear him more this side the flood is as unbearable as it is unthinkable. The story of the great preacher's life has been often told, so it is not needful for me to cover that well-known ground, but I should like to lovingly and reverently pay my tribute of homage to his memory, and at the same time point out the threefold memorial that he has left behind. One winter day, three or four years ago, walking across a Lancashire moor, Dr. Parker told me that every day he thanked God for permitting him to accomplish three things: (1) Build the City Temple; (2) Conduct the Thursday Morning Service; (3) Write the People's Bible. These three works are our departed friend's memorial.

I.—*The City Temple*.—Dr. Parker's London ministry commenced in the old Poultry Chapel, but that had soon to give place to the City Temple, which was opened for worship on May 19th, 1874. The pulpit—costing three hundred guineas—was the gift of the Corporation of the City of London. On the day of the opening, Bristol's Nonconformist Bishop (Dr. David Thomas, after whom my church is named) wrote: "Few men in the history of the world have had opened up to them such a sphere of influence and usefulness. Long may you live faithfully to occupy it." We thank God for the rich and abundant answer granted to that prayer.

II.—*The Thursday Morning Service*.—At the very outset of his London ministry Dr. Parker ventured on this daring experiment—which results have abundantly justified. For over thirty years this wonderful congregation has met in the middle of the busy week. In that company I have noticed, almost side by side, City men who had snatched an hour from business, the popular actor, the Nonconformist M.P., the well known Free Church minister, and the notable High Church cleric. Others came from far week by week. The writer knows of one man who took a season-ticket and journeyed up from Birmingham every week to enjoy the luxury of listening to the Doctor.

III.—*The People's Bible*.—This is the work of an unrivalled pulpit genius. The whole twenty-five volumes were spoken from the pulpit. The work was commenced in January, 1885, and completed ten years later, in January, 1895. The marvellous thing is that one man should have been able so to combine in himself the qualities of Biblical commentator and popular preacher. Add to this work forty-two other volumes and it will be freely confessed that Dr. Parker was an author of no mean order.

The great preacher never really recovered from the shock of his wife's death. On January 26th, 1899, Mrs. Parker—the sunshine of his life—passed from the earthly to the heavenly sphere of service. For two months she had dwelt on the border land, and during that time her husband left her but once, and that was to visit Burnley, to preach and lecture for the writer of this tribute. In November, two years later, he pathetically wrote: "This is a sad time of the year to me. Every moment is a reminiscence—every

step goes deeper and deeper into the fatal valley—yet all the way down a sweet-voiced bird sings to me this welcome song, ‘I shall go to her, she shall not return to me’; yet she does return. Every morning she comes, and all day long she tarries.” He was cheered by the kind attention of relatives and friends, and through his own illness and pain wrote and spoke with apparent cheerfulness. It was only the other day that he wrote to the wife of the writer: “I am so hindered by what the doctor calls ‘neuralgia of the heart,’ that I can hardly do anything at all beyond lie on the sofa and find fault with other people. If you have any choice in the matter, I distinctly advise you not to have neuralgia of the heart.” Then, a little later, “I have no pain, no headache, only a strange desire to do nothing, and to be let alone. But I am seventy-two, and have some sort of right to do nothing, and to do it well.” Such was his way of parrying off inquiries about himself.

If Dr. Parker was great as a preacher and public man, he was infinitely greater as a host, a friend, and a counsellor; but that is too sacred a subject to be touched by this pen to-day.

Now the greatest and best man I have ever known has gone from us, and the world seems poorer and colder to me to-day. There is a great blank, I know not what can fill. My heart can only cry, “My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.” ’Twill be a long time before we look on his like again.

Bristol.

HUGH C. WALLACE.

APPRECIATIONS.

I.

WHEN I was at New College, Dr. Parker was in the zenith of his glory. He came up to some big function at the College and I well remember someone pointing him out to the Freshmen and saying “There’s Parker.” Once you saw him you could never forget him. As he grew older he only became more Parkerian. I can see him with his extraordinary chest and head, and his hair standing up like a great pine forest on the crest of a hill. I don’t know what I expected to see but I was certainly surprised; and I was astonished to see he wore evening-dress.

As students whenever free we went more to the City Temple than to any other place of worship. It was natural that a man of his type should delight students. Certainly we visited him oftener than we went to hear Spurgeon. This may not have been wise but such was the fact. Certainly he tended to get us out of ruts, and few ventured to attempt to imitate him. This was all to the good. How many times we heard him thunder and then thrill us with a whisper. I think I used to prefer the thunder. Some eighteen months ago, I heard him one Thursday morning at the City Temple, and I was pained to notice that those magnificent physical energies were on the wane.

Dr. Parker was very kindly and in conversation very good humoured. He once very generously wrote to a vacant Church for me at a friend’s suggestion. In conversation he bore interruption and retort in the best of good feeling.

I remember years ago when our Koinonia was doing a little agitation, he came down to one of our meetings and addressed us. The meeting certainly

was not largely attended, and I remember his 'cutely remarking: "You will exercise a moral mastery as long as you remain a numerical mystery."

When I was settled in the London District, I saw him several times, but never on any occasion at any length. Many years after I came down to the neighbourhood of Birmingham, our Free Church Council announced that they had engaged him to take a Mission. I thought this arrangement, at the time, a bit doubtful, nevertheless the Mission was very successful as far as numbers and collections went. I still think, however, he was not just the man for a Mission. In my judgement, he was not sufficiently clear and definite on the work of the Holy Spirit to fit him for labour of that kind. He gave us "The King's Letters," and immensely enjoyed the question and answer part of the proceedings. Mrs. Parker also came and rendered the solos for us. I remember the first morning of the Mission, after the meeting in the Town Hall, when nearly every one had left, I was down at the door, about going out, when I was arrested by hearing a woman's voice filling the Hall with music. I had no idea Mrs. Parker was to sing the solo in the evening, but this was Mrs. Parker having a practice. She sang "Shall we Gather at the River," and, strange to say, I was never more touched by that hymn than at that moment. Indeed, her singing brought the words home to me, as a question from above, as never before. Perhaps it was the unexpectedness of the whole proceeding that helped, but I shall never forget that moment. I hope she and the Doctor have both, by this time, gathered "with the Saints at the River that flows by the Throne of God."

I was never one of Dr. Parker's most enthusiastic admirers. At the same time I believe he was unique. He was, I think, the most brilliant preacher the Christian Church has ever possessed. He was not the most eloquent, not the most evangelical, not the most moving, but he has his place. There is no competition between his sermons and Spurgeon's; they belong to different classes. Ward Beecher was considered brilliant, but, I think, in the time to come, Parker's sermons will, of the two, be much more read and their place be much more permanent. He has such unfailing variety, point, and conciseness. They read so well; he was such an artist in words. Age did not dim his qualities of mind; they grew. Some of his latest productions are among his finest. He had faults, but we may well ignore them for what he has left us; they were of a kind posterity will never see. We shall not look upon his like again.

J. TRAVERS SHERLOCK, B.A.

II.

To speak of Dr. Parker's personal qualities, his brotherly kindness, his sterling friendship, required an intimate acquaintance with him, which it was not my fortune to enjoy. But even from a distance one can realise the genuineness of a man. Verily, many of the poorer brethren have lost a Joseph, for he was ever ready to champion their cause; others of us have lost a faithful friend and counsellor; the Church of Christ has lost a prophet; and the Congregational Union one of its finest figures, whose presence and speech were always an inspiration.

My first vision of him was in the late 'seventies, when, conducted by a venerable brother of our Koinonia, I found myself in the City Temple. The area was packed so that I and my friend had to stand. We all knew when the Doctor appeared, so strong even in the silence of that great throng was his striking personality. The sermon was in his best vein, and suited to the times. "A strong man keepeth his house, but a stronger cometh and taketh it from him," rang through the human temple as well as the vast hall. Presently we were moved to laughter by a dramatic and comic presentation of human conceit, for none could surpass the Doctor in holding up to scorn the "would-be wise and mighty." We saw an image of the cocksure dandy type of man, then the mere "moneybags," and, lastly, the poor slave of the Exchange," or the "warehouse"—all strong men after their fashion, but weak things when face to face with real, moral and spiritual foes.

As we looked at these creatures there passed over us in rapid succession the whirlwind of his passionate declamation, followed by the scorching fire of his most scathing criticism of man's ignorant conceit, and then these died away into the voice of a great stillness which moved many a heart to nobler purpose, and dimmed not a few eyes with tears.

When I was a student, I, with other divinity fledglings, received from his hands a gift of his "Inner Life of Christ"—a gift he gave to all students who sought him in his vestry. The occasion was memorable for his reply to the charge of plagiarism made against him by an American divine who shall be nameless. The Doctor was charged with having taken chapters bodily out of the American's book which had been published some four years previous to the second volume of "The Inner Life." After the collection on behalf of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, the Doctor made his promised explanation of the invidious and unenviable position in which he found himself. How one did pity and yet hold in contempt that poor American would-be genius! When the Doctor was done with him he (the American) was only the echo of a voice, only the phonograph drum repeating the message which another had spoken. For some years—seven, I believe—prior to the publication of the book from which the Doctor was said to have stolen, the very chapter and verse of the subject under dispute had been published by another man—the Doctor himself. He was using up the materials of his early publications.

As we received the gift from the Doctor he shook us by the hand, saying, "Now, take care and make sure that after all your friend the Doctor is not a plagiarist." There was a look of triumph on his face; but for us a kindly twinkle in his eye.

Since those days the memories have grown in number, all of them bearing some vision of truth and life, about which one might easily write a pamphlet, notably the Beecher incident at Norwich. But I must forbear, simply affirming as my deep conviction that the Doctor had a Great Heart as well as a great head and voice, and that it flowed over with the milk of human-kindness.

J. TODD FERRIER.

III.

I FIRST became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Parker in the City of Bristol, where I was a Congregational Minister for many years, and had occasional opportunities of meeting him, and hearing him preach.

Bristol Churches have long been known as warmly devoted to the cause of Foreign Missions, hence the Missionary Anniversary was always enthusiastically anticipated, and very much was done to make it a success. Some of the principal Churches secured the best-known and most popular preachers, and from year to year we heard among others, Drs. Aveling, Allon, John Kennedy, Herber Evans, Baldwin Brown, James Parsons, and last, but not least, Dr. Joseph Parker. He came for several years at the invitation of the Rev. Henry Isaac Roper, who, with many of his people had removed from Bridge Street, in the City, to the New Church, erected on Clifton Down, and which the old Pastor designated the Nonconformist Cathedral.

In this stately edifice Dr. Parker preached year after year, and always drew a large and sympathetic audience.

I well remember his texts or subjects, for sometimes he would take a whole chapter, and the varying moods of the hearers as his wit and wisdom fell upon their expectant nature.

He seldom, or never, preached missionary sermons, but he did make earnest appeals and secured hearty responses in the way of collections.

His name and fame will never be forgotten in Bristol, for, with every visit he made deeper impressions, and became more popular.

When I settled in Margate, we had a considerable debt which I was anxious to remove, and having made a big effort in other ways, I asked Dr. Parker if he would give us a sermon, which he at once consented to do. The day was fixed, all arrangements made, and Dr. Parker fully advised as to all particulars. The service was to be in the evening, and it was expected that the morning post would indicate the time of his arrival, but one hour fast followed another, and no word came from the preacher. I was in a perfect fever all through the day, and so were others, and what to do I could not tell. The Church was crowded, the clock pointed to the time of service, and just on the stroke of seven, up drove the Doctor, his wife, and friends, very much to the relief of everybody concerned. The fact is, he had spent the day with some of his people, then staying in Broadstairs, and had neglected to let me know. He made up for it, however, in preaching, and in declining a fee.

It may not be generally known that, along with the Ministers of East Kent, I had to do with nominating him to the Chairmanship of the Union for the first time, and I feel thankful that I had a finger in that pie.

There can be no doubt but that Parker preached a full gospel, and exalted the Lord Jesus Christ, rightly dividing the word of truth. His ministry must have been a great blessing and means of strength to the multitudes who waited upon it.

Peace be with him and with her whom to know was to appreciate and honour.

Margate.

JOHN JAMES.

IV.

ON November 30th I bore my humble tribute to the memory of Dr. Parker, by speaking from the words, "Moses, my servant is dead; now, therefore, arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people." I tried to urge that the death of a great leader must be to us as it was to the Israelites, the signal, not to go back, but to go forward. My feeling is that we owe a very great deal to our departed friend. There are few of us who have not derived help and

inspiration in our work by looking on his manly face, by listening to his bold utterances, and, in our studies, by reading his suggestive writings.

I suppose most of us believe that in the course of a few years we shall have a reconstructed Congregationalism. And to whom shall we owe it? More than to any other man we shall owe it to Dr. Parker. The new Congregational Church that will arise out of the shaking and shattering and battering of the old will remain as a memorial of his greatness and genius, just as that huge pile of buildings, St. Paul's Cathedral, remains as a memorial of the greatness and genius of Sir Christopher Wren.

J. A. T. SKINNER, B.A.

V

A MAN like Dr. Parker could hardly fail to excite hostility in many minds. To say that he had faults is to say that he was a man. To say that he had aggressive faults is to confess that he had a big, pervasive, enfolding personality.

But who is fit to judge him? The good he wrought, the power that he consecrated to the highest ends, the gladness he gave to so many weary hearts—this is what ought to engage our thought. Nearly every habitual fault-finder I have ever met had more serious defects than the person he criticised. A good deal of the present-day habit of analysing men and women is simply the outflow of laziness, nothingness and stupidity. I have seen little men shake their little heads gravely over some action of Dr. Parker's—men who had not the tiniest shred of capacity to understand or appreciate his meaning. Even a wee dog may bark at a caged lion.

Let us keep in mind that Dr. Parker had enough vitality for three ordinary men. And his nature was complex. I think there was in him a more stubborn natural man to keep manacled than had Mr. Spurgeon, for example. His moral aim was clear and single-minded. His religious life was whole-hearted and nourished from Heaven. But it had to keep in leash, it had to maintain control over, a spirit of tremendous intensity. I tremble to think what this man would have done had he not become in his youth a disciple of the Son of Man. He had the face and head of a Mirabeau, and there were instincts and faculties and fires within him which he forced into bondage to the Master, which, without that sway and in stormier eras would have leaped to tumultuous action. I think of him—realising what potentialities were in him—as a lion tamed into highest service by the all-mastering grace of God.

W. PEDR WILLIAMS.

A YOUNG MAN'S TESTIMONY.

It was my privilege for some years before entering the ministry to attend the services of the City Temple. The fascination of them lay, of course, in the preacher. The opportunity to hear him was with me, as with hundreds of other young men in City offices, a weekly festival for which the Thursday luncheon hour was sacrificed without reserve or regret. The brief respite from the pressure of business cares, the luxury of being held under the spell of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"; the comforting word or the stimulating prophecy, the new light on the old message—these are treasured

recollections. They made work less irksome and life more buoyant. The farther they recede in memory, the better able I am to appraise their value and to realise the debt under which they laid my mental and spiritual life.

If ever it is given to a man to be "a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," Dr. Joseph Parker was such a man, as a host of at least the younger generation will thankfully testify.

By those who knew him best he was best beloved. To them the strong, rugged face which others thought to be stern was always aglow with the light of tenderness: to them he was endeared by the very eccentricities which called forth criticism from those who knew him least. In the pulpit and out of it he bore about with him the marks of one whose consecration to God was absolute; his very soul, as he was wont to say, "was saturated in the language and music of the Bible. Through and through and every day my desire is to repronounce the Bible."

Dr. Parker's sympathy with his humbler co-workers in the ministry, his generosity to his "brethren the country" will never be known till "the day declares it." The only occasion on which it was my privilege to have free converse with him was during one of his holidays at Windermere. Yet, on the day of my ordination there came a message from him which might have been written by an intimate friend. It expressed the hope that "the newly-ordained minister might be strengthened daily in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and that out of the abounding consolations of Christ, he might be able to guide and comfort, instruct and inspire, all who attend upon his ministry," and the letter closes "with all warmest messages of loving brotherhood."

Not a few can bear witness to similar thoughtful and generous acts on the part of the Doctor, which sent them to their work with a fresh courage and a stronger heart.

The consummation of his life's work—the publication of the "People's Bible"—was a source of intense gratitude and satisfaction to Dr. Parker. And the legacy will be deeply and widely prized by Churches of many names. "Nothing," it has been said, "in religious literature can be put in competition with this product of a fertile and fertilizing brain." But even this colossal achievement had not exhausted the aims and resources of the Doctor. "One other thing I should have liked to do," he said, "and that is to write a life of the Saviour." He had thought much about this, and had found a thoroughly characteristic title—"In the days of His Flesh." With pathetic reluctance he abandoned the project. Referring to it in a letter which lies before me, he wrote: "I am so nervously upset as to be unfitted for any continuous and really serious work. I have never been so knocked about before. The doctor uses long words—"neuralgia in the nerves superficial to the heart"—whatever that may mean. I know I am very weak and very uncertain in my stroke. I am drunk, but not with wine. I do a little dictation through my secretary, but nothing with this trembling old right hand." Soon after writing this he entered into the rest which he had so well earned. Ours be the motto of his long and strenuous life, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

THE foregoing Appreciations and Recollections of Dr. Parker, a considerable portion of them written by men occupying good and honourable positions in the Christian Church, written, too, out of the fulness of their hearts and without any expectation of fee or reward, set forth the man, his mission, his power, and his success, in so straightforward and sympathetic a way that I might well have allowed them to have ended this Memorial. I feel, however, that I would like to say something more, bearing on the impressiveness of his personality, the insight of his genius, the strong tenacity of his purpose which held its way in spite of all obstacles, the extraordinary perfection of the manner in which he played the man on all great occasions, the unique interest which he took in his ministerial brethren, and the striking and historical scenes which I have witnessed within the City Temple when he was the chief actor, and sometimes, actually, when he was not. And, this is not the first time, that in recording these reminiscences, I have wished I was a genius that I might becomingly contemplate a genius, and as a genius write of a genius, for verily with desire I have desired that I had had more time and more ability to have made *this offering of love* richer and rarer. I feel I may as well here, as anywhere else, beseech the reader to forgive the writer for its lack of cohesion and order, and for the poverty of its language and thought upon so grand a subject.

It may be safely asseverated, and even repeated, that from his earliest days, the desire of Dr. Parker's heart and the daily prayer of his soul to God was that he might be permitted to assist in reviving the power and extending the influence of the Christian pulpit. Animated by this holy and sublime purpose he devoted untiring and ungrudging care to the nurture and stimulus of every gift and every grace with which he was endowed, lovingly hailed every source of power, and gratefully assimilated every fresh feature of ministerial strength. He went to the Old Testament for divinity, to the New Testament for humanity, and to God for everything. He could thunder like Savanarola, and he could flash like Episcopius. He was at home amid the subtilties of John Calvin, but if he must have a human teacher, he preferred to take his theology from James Arminius. The monk that shook the world out of the wrong place into the right had in Dr. Parker a great reforming ally. Generally, his advice was as sage as Melancthon's. When he liked, he could be as golden-mouthed as Chrysostom. He often quenched his thirsty soul from the streams of myriad-minded Willie. Bobbie, too, denominated by Wordsworth "that bird of Paradise," who stole the angels' songs, and still sings them to the saints who have wit to listen, has, I know, much ministered to his profit and his pleasure. The abstruse speculations of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Co., had no terror for him. Ingersoll was consumed amid the crackling flames of a furious laughter that Parker kindled around him, but Holyoake was saved to a friendship that kept green unto the end, because in a public discussion between them on the divine verities, the atheist tried his hardest to speak in love the things which he thought were true. Of modern preachers, in Henry Ward Beecher, he admired his practical philosophy and gentle humanity; in Charles Haddon Spurgeon, his gracious

unction and manly strength ; in Morley Punsheon, his poetry and tunefulness ; in Thomas Binney, his foresightedness and spiritual emphasis ; in James Morison, his erudition, unique power of exposition, extraordinary Biblical research, unflagging industry and genuine enthusiasm ; in David Thomas, editor of the *Homilist*, his analytic skill and fertile suggestiveness ; and when the death of the other David Thomas, of Bristol, was announced, I heard the Doctor say, he was an Elijah clothed with fire. With the highest esteem Dr. Parker regarded the stimulating personality of the immortal and ever-lustrous Robertson of Brighton, the vitality and graphic force of Canon Liddon, the searching, stimulating and thrilling power of James Parsons, the picturesque and impressive genius of Thomas Guthrie, the practical vividness and persuasive grace of Robert William Dale, and I heard him exclaim after a noble speech by Charles Berry in the City Temple, surely R. W. Dale is risen from the dead ! He held too in the greatest admiration the vigorous originality and tranquil power of Watson Smith, the intellectual richness and heavenly music of George William Conder, the logical precision and moral fearlessness of Enoch Mellor, the artistic taste and rhythmic completeness of Alexander Raleigh, the military bearing and independent aggressiveness of Baldwin Brown, and last, but by no means least, the penetration and nervous persistence of Alexander Maclaren. All, perhaps save one, of these sons of genius and servants of Jesus Christ he knew personally and intimately, honoured them for their great gifts and valued them as helpers, encouragers and co-workers with himself in promoting upon earth the kingdom of God's dear Son.

Dr. Parker was all his life industriously and intelligently surrounding himself with the conditions of study until in the end he was the owner and occupant of a preacher's perfect paradise, called "Tynehome." In it the dream of his youth and the ambition of his manhood were fully realised. Even after the death of his second wife he would have nothing touched, nothing altered, nothing removed. Every tool for use, every article for comfort, and every picture for adornment, the whole household, had been earned, bought and built into a unity by his own life-long industry and genius. Verily, he had considered wisely and well the conditions of study, and knew perfectly, the door that opened into ministerial bliss. That well-arranged and well-selected library, that tranquil haven of retreat and thoughtfulness, that cosy apartment, clean, peaceful, and inviting, with the sweet angel of persuasion standing at the open door beckoning the student of God's Truth to enter and explore : what would the average Minister to whom has fallen the lot of having his residence filled with the dissonance of children, and his soul everlastingly torn with the distractions of household anxieties, give for even one day of such glorious life ? No doubt such Ministers reap as they sow, and afford a sphere for brotherly sympathy. But Dr. Parker was "timely happy, timely wise," and so ordered all his life and lived all his days that he might do one thing, viz., preach. So did he choose his books : all his reading tended to one point—the efficiency of his preaching. All his walks abroad, all his rambles in the woods, all his journeys and all his voyages were taken with one object in view—the enrichment of his preaching. He chose his companions and even his wives that they might minister to the power and influence of his preaching. God gave him a healthy body and he carefully guarded it and kept it so ; God gave him a great mind, and he worked night and day to fill it with great thoughts and make it capable of gigantic enthusiasms for the welfare of humanity, and all that he might the

better preach the glorious Gospel of man's glorious Saviour, Christ Jesus, his one and only Master and Lord.

People are not surprised to hear that Dr. Parker had a passion for all kinds of animals. His dog, Luther, was with him a prime favourite. Its breed was, I believe, what is known as the bull-dog, and its square head notoriously demonstrated that it was a pure and undefiled member of that family. For what reason it was called Luther I do not know. Perhaps it may have been that it was pugnacious, for it looked that and a great deal more. The old saying, "Love me, love my dog," perplexed me very much. Luther was, really, a most ferocious looking brute. The least significant thing about it was its tail, which nobody would have much noticed, had it not been always wagging. In colour it was distinctly black and white, the black prevailing. Its shoulders stood out like a young lion's, its back was as broad as a considerable continent, and its hind quarters were of no mean proportions. Nobody could ever have a doubt as to where Luther was at dinner-time. Its eyes seemed to me to have a cast in them, and whenever I was in Luther's presence, I invariably felt that I was the honoured object of their full attention. Its huge mouth took me, but not my fancy, at once—it was not a pouting mouth, although it always wore a smile, not by any means a pleasing smile, for it had the repulsive trick of its class in that, when it laughed, it showed its great mouthful of teeth, which startling sight, however, carried with it this consolation, that they were not as yet embedded in one's own flesh. "This monster presented itself as soon as I passed out of Tynehome dining-room window on to the iron stair leading down the garden, and had to be held firmly by the collar until I had passed it, and here I wish gratefully to record that in a sense, I think Miss Fairbrass fully earned her legacy of £5,000, for preventing that beast on more than one occasion making a feast of this poor orphan. Once fairly past this canine Cerberus, I hurriedly made my way to the foot of the extensive grounds, stealthily casting sundry glances round to make sure that no wild beast was on my track; and, presently, I stood in the presence of the great Doctor. The interview to which I now refer took place, I believe, in the month of August, 1899, in the afternoon of one of the hottest days. There, on a long bench, stretched at his full length under the genial shade of the over-arching trees, lay the greatest preacher of modern times. He was without a coat, without a vest, no collar to his shirt, and his great chest was exposed to the welcome passes of the fitful breeze. He was being regaled with "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates." The sight or sound of dishes in another man's house usually sends me to my own. This afternoon I had some tea. It was very good. We talked over what we thought we would, and soon I was on the move. He convoyed me up the garden and past Luther, to the aforesaid staircase. When I reached the top he called to me that he thought I might lose my "glasses," his observant eye having detected my ribbon guard hanging where he thought it should not, over my shoulder. Perhaps this is the best place to say that subsequently Luther became dangerous and had to be destroyed. It is very sad when ferocity in man or dog outgrows self-control.

What I mean by Luther's back being as broad as a continent is splendidly illustrated in a conversation which I heard Dr. Parker detail when he preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Gladstone.

Addressing Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Parker inquired, "How would

Mr. Gladstone be received in America?" "He will never be in America." "Well, but if he were to land there?" "Impossible" said Henry; "Mr. Gladstone can never land in America. The ship might come, and he might be there, but the American people would be down at the meeting-place in such numbers that Mr. Gladstone could never get a foothold in our country! The people would stand in thousands, as far back as New York and Chicago!"

In his discourse Dr. Parker went on to say; Henry Ward Beecher was our guest for some six weeks in the Summer of 1886. During that time Mr. Gladstone wrote to me to arrange, suiting Mr. Beecher's convenience, a morning for a breakfast at Downing Street. Mr. Gladstone was then the Premier of England. I consulted Mr. Beecher, made the arrangement, and was honoured by being permitted to accompany him to the house of the Prime Minister. Never can that season be forgotten—it was full of historic interest. I then had a fuller sense than ever of Mr. Gladstone's special characteristics. He had been in the House of Commons over-night. Mrs. Gladstone—God comfort her heart—received us, as only she could do with motherliness and the utmost sweetness, and in about half-an-hour the great man came in, smiled upon the company, shook hands with us, instantly plunged into the facts connected with the last election of a Member to the House of Commons, making observations upon that last election as if it were the critical moment of his life. We sat down to breakfast. Mr. Gladstone talked for two hours with occasional interludes, almost artistically arranged, so as to give other people an opportunity of saying something, if they had anything to say. But nobody wanted to hear anyone else. We did not care to interrupt that subdued thunder, every sentence full of intelligence, every criticism kindly intentioned. The process, too, was a kind of double one, for whilst he was talking to the whole table, he was also keeping up a conversation with the lady who sat next him—a Greek scholar who had translated *Æschylus*—and in the midst of his conversation upon general topics he was bowing down his head, and explaining to her the special emphasis and the accent of certain vital Greek words in the author she had translated, all the while beaming upon us with most fatherly benignity. Then all of a sudden he said, "By the way, I must show you a document that has just come into my possession. It cannot be read aloud, but I will hand it round to you, so that each may see it for himself." A little paper was here handed round. We were all silent. Said he "I have no idea who wrote that prayer," for it was a prayer in which the suppliant desired Almighty God to put an end to Mr. Gladstone's mischievous life, to annihilate his influence, to remove him from the sphere of Time! It was Mr. Gladstone who brought out the prayer, and showed us the miserable document. After a pause, Dr. Parker ventured the remark, "I think I could give you the writer's name." In a moment a new expression came into Mr. Gladstone's face, a living query, a penetrating and urgent inquiry, whereupon I gave the name and, said he, "I can quite believe it." It was the name of a very distinguished lady, earnestly devoted to the cause of Protestantism, and the occasion to which the prayer related was the Home Rule question; her great horror of the Priest ruling the people of Ireland supplied all her motives, and regulated all her expressions. This was the construction the great statesman put upon the lady's petition. Said Mr. Gladstone, "Every word of that prayer she would write with the utmost good faith and sincerity, for I shall

never forget how consternated she was when attending one of these Thursday breakfasts, and she found that I had placed her at the table next to a Roman Catholic priest." "Just look," exclaimed the preacher, "at this man's magnanimity; instantly and most ungrudgingly does he give the writer credit for good faith and sincerity, and an earnest desire to promote her own views of the Church of Christ. No bitter laugh, no cynical remark; on the other hand, evident appreciation of the woman's pious sincerity. A moment after, he looked at me as no man was ever looked at except by those planetary eyes, and said he 'I am glad to have that piece of intelligence.' It would not have been Mr. Gladstone if he had said, 'I am glad to know that.' You and I would have made a remark on that level, but Mr. Gladstone, of the old school of culture, the old school of habit—a venerable habit that ought not to be despised—replied, 'I am glad to have that piece of intelligence.'"

Then he went to his bookshelves and brought an account of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and he read it until the tears rolled down his face—but of that I must speak no further. He (the Doctor) did, however, add that when they left Downing Street that morning Beecher said to him, "I know no one in America who could have talked as Mr. Gladstone has now done."

In "improving," as it is called, the death of Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Parker reminded us of the great statesman's visit to the City Temple twenty-one years previously. Those who like myself were privileged to be present on the occasion, can neither forget the man, his message, nor the manner in which he delivered it. Nonconformity got a big "leg up" that day. But I must let Dr. Parker give his own inimitable description of the momentous event. He says, "Mr. Gladstone was twice my guest—once here, and once at home. From the platform of this church he delivered an address on preaching. That address can never be other than a precious treasure to my own memory and heart. It was a classic delight as to composition and perfectness; it was an anthem in prose. He gave us sketches of great Parliamentary speakers, and of great pulpit orators—Richard Shiel, Daniel O'Connell, Henry Melville, Thomas Chalmers, and others—each was sketched with the hand of a master. I, who have devoted most of my life to questions relating to preaching and pulpit ministration, was simply astounded at the man's familiarity with all the questions which seemed to belong to the circumference of the subject. He spoke about preaching as if he had never spoken about any other subject—the same characteristic, the same concentration, the same intensity of mind. Then he whispered to me, 'I think you said you would send me back to the House of Commons; I have to meet a deputation at three o'clock.' It was then after two. I was anxious to know what this deputation was, and I discovered from the journals the next morning that Mr. Gladstone met a deputation from his constituency to call his attention to some questions connected with Plumstead Common. I was not present at the meeting of the deputation, but I will answer for it that he knew more about Plumstead Common than the deputation did, and that he addressed himself to the subject of Plumstead Common as if it were an important part of the acreage of the universe! That was the man! No trifle, but of burning earnestness, a sun of flame. That was surely enough for one day's work, but I also discovered that at eight o'clock the same night Mr. Gladstone was present at a lecture concerning the tomb of Agamemnon,

delivered by Dr. Schliemann, and that the learned lecturer, after hearing Mr. Gladstone on the subject, confessed that he was the first Greek scholar in Europe. And yet they want to compare him with some other man—was he, say they, as great as Mr. A., or as eloquent as Mr. B.? Why he was A. and B. put together, and multiplied by the rest of the alphabet. Other men do a thing upon occasion, and a very good thing, and a thing which Mr. Gladstone himself would be the first to appreciate; but how many things did this illustrious man do?"

Continuing, Dr. Parker narrated the following lovely little incident: Said he, "The second time Mr. Gladstone came to see us was, to deliver at our house an address on the Irish question. Directly it was done, he went out and halted awhile in one of the rooms until he and Mrs. Gladstone had a cup of coffee with us. We had, like little children as it were, stored up two cups of Irish china, in which these illustrious visitors were to have their coffee. No one has ever touched those cups since—they are in the house as great treasures."

In this way, in his discourse, did Dr. Parker set the great statesmen before us, not in a stately and classical eulogium, but in a domestic, house-at-home kind of way, so that we might see him close at hand, touch, as it were, the hem of his garment, and feel his friendliness and his modesty, rather than discover him as a majestic star that dwelt apart.

Taking a Re-opening service for me at Albion Road Church, Tunbridge Wells, in June, 1884, the place was packed with people, the evening close, and the atmosphere oppressive. I had conducted the preliminaries and Dr. Parker was about to enter the pulpit from the vestry when observing a somewhat brilliant gas standard, near which I had had the pulpit placed for the light, he said, "Irving go and put that fire out or I shall be reduced to a state of liquefaction, and you will have to send me home in a pail." With the sermon everybody was delighted. The collection was $\text{A}1$. Mr. and Mrs. Howard's home at Bishop's Down Park rang with mirth at supper-time. Lord Beaconsfield said that at a Scotch dinner, at which I suppose his lordship was not an honoured guest, there was more noise than conversation. Dr. Parker always stimulated, seasoned and elevated the conversation wherever he went.

On that occasion, the flow of his entertaining eloquence, his shafts of wit, his fine touches of satire, but certainly not at the expense of Professor Randegger, Mrs. Parker's music master, who also was one of the guests, the happy interspersions here and there of inimitably told stories of Henry Ward Beecher, the magical and continuous production of choice thought—jewels from the Parkerian casket would have made me almost believe the great preacher was little short of a wizard, had he not at intervals said to me "pass the bread-and-butter, please." O yes, the Doctor was very human, for did he not say afterwards, that had my deacon Mr. F.,—with the creaking shoes, gone up the church aisle another time, he would have thrown the pulpit Bible at him? And did he not, greatest preacher though he was, turn very gracefully I admit, to our hostess at the supper-table, and prefer the request that he might have a new-laid egg, boiled for quarter of an hour, to take, the last thing, before going to bed?

A gentleman who has long been on the staff of the leading religious journal, related to me the other day the following most interesting story: When a lad, he said, he acted as office boy in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, where

at one time the *British Banner*, afterwards displaced by the *British Standard*, was published. Once a week, there met in the room above the office the Committee of Management, consisting of six gentlemen, who came to consider what should go into the paper. No doubt this committee was a very powerful body, it certainly was a very ponderous one for its aggregate avoirdupois turned the scale at one hundred stones. The names of the gentlemen were Dr. John Campbell, Dr. Robert Ferguson, Dr. A. Morton Brown, Daniel Pratt, and, I believe he added, C. H. Spurgeon, and Joseph Parker. As this must have been in the 'fifties we are led to infer that Dr. Parker, from his earliest days, believed in employing the press to accomplish the work of his life. As soon as this impressive Committee had finished its duties the Mighty Thunderer seized his great cudgel and with it thumped upon the floor which was the signal to the boy below to bring up the biscuits and cheese, the wine glasses, and the solitary bottle of port. Surely a most moderate allowance for six portly gentlemen whose average weight was over sixteen stones each!

The Minister of the City Temple was also a great master of ceremonies. The services which since the opening of the cathedral-like edifice he held on Christmas Day and Good Friday were always conducted in the most effective and affecting manner. I remember attending the Good Friday service at the City Temple a score of years ago. It was held then on behalf of the Orphan Working School, at Haverstock Hill. Four hundred children attended and took part in the the service. There was a crowded congregation. The seats in the side galleries were reserved for the little ones who presented a striking appearance, the girls on one side and the boys on the other; the girls in plain black dresses and the boys in black suits relieved only by white collars. They led the singing with a cheerful heartiness which in some measure communicated itself to the closely packed congregation on the ground-floor of the Church, and their combined efforts resulted in a volume of sound such as is only heard in the City Temple on these occasions. At the close of the sermon Dr. Parker addressed a few kindly words to the children, remarking upon their healthy and contented appearance, naively adding that he thought a week at Haverstock Hill, would do himself good.

The Rev. Charles Herbert writing to me about Dr. Parker, says:—One of the most characteristic sermons Dr. Parker ever preached was surely memorised without effort by those who had the good fortune to hear it. "The woman said unto the serpent: 'We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree that is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die.'" That was the text, and in it he found a sermon that could only have been suggested to his original mind. He began by saying to the astonishment of his hearers: "No,—no! They *cannot* do it! I have often known them to try, but not one of them ever succeeded. *No woman can quote correctly!* And this is a case in point." In this short sentence in three particulars she misquotes: "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden"—that is what *she* said, but God had said nothing of the kind. What He had said was: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest *freely* eat. She left out the "freely." It was a misquotation that narrowed the love and beneficence of God. "Neither shall ye touch it"—that is what *she* said, but God had never said a word of it. She invented it and put it in. It was a misquotation of expansion. "Lest ye die"—that was what *she* said: but God had said "Thou shalt *surely*

die!" It was a misquotation of subtraction. And in these three particulars the messages of God were misquoted still. Men narrowed down the Gospel with their paltry talk of conditions and election, they left out the "freely" and darkened and narrowed the love of the Eternal. In the second place, they put things in that God had never said, and invented gospels and theologies all their own. Thirdly, they toned down the force, the authority, the certainty of God's judgements and left out the "surely" and—this with scorn in tone and gesture—"faintly trusted the larger hope."

Every word of that sermon told, and though it was heard years and years ago, it is as fresh in the memory of some who heard it as on the day it was delivered.

WHEN the Congregational Church at Preston Park, near Brighton, had been erected, the people applied to Dr. Parker to preach the opening sermon. "It is impossible!" said the Doctor, and bowed the deputation out. As they were leaving, Mrs. Parker coming in, met them and courteously questioned them concerning their business. Finding they were Brightonians, and scenting sea-breezes, she went to the study, and secured the Doctor's reconsideration of the matter on certain conditions which were gladly entered into. He went, he preached, and at the dinner following, his health having been proposed, he rose and congratulated them on the beauty of their edifice, and their success with the finances of the undertaking, but, "above all," he said, "I must congratulate you on the wisdom and tact of your ambassadors, for *had they not ploughed with my heifer* I had not been here."

DR. PARKER was a man very much talked of in all circles and by every sort of conversationalist. One night, not long ago, I forgathered with Mr. W. S. J. Bray, of Port Talbot, and something I said of the Doctor reminded him of having heard the great preacher make the following speech at the close of a Thursday noon service:—"From time to time I have given answers to questions which have been addressed to me through the medium of my Thursday morning services. It is my intention this morning to give an answer to a question, which has been put to me, by a dignitary of the Church of England. Take the answer with you eastward, westward, northward, and southward, for I see you are evidently here from many climes, but there—you have not learned the question yet, and you are, I see, very anxious to know what the question is which I have been asked. The question which this dignitary of the Church of England has thought well to ask me is this:—'Which in my opinion is the worst "ism" in the world, to-day?' He has asked me for my opinion. It may agree with yours, or it may differ, but having asked me for *my* opinion I will give it for its worth or its worthlessness. I do not tell him it is Ritualism. I dare not. We cannot do without Ritualism; we must have it in the home, in business, in the Church, *but as of other things we can easily have too much of it.* I do not tell him it is Arianism or Socinianism or Wesleyanism or even *Congregationalism*. I see you are very anxious to know what the answer is. Well, I have thought about it, and prayed over it, and I have asked God to guide me, and the conclusion I have been led to as a Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is that the worst "ism" in the world to-day is *Indifferentism*. When the deacon sits in the pew and says leave it to the pastor, he is paid for the job; when the father, believing himself to be a saint, and knowing his son to be a sinner, leaves that boy of his to go with cold indifference to ruin and to hell, would to God England would awake and shake off her indifference, then should she rise, as it were, on wings,

and cleaving the air, mount upward, taking her children with her up to God." I can easily believe that loud applause followed this noble speech, and that the narrator felt constrained to join in it. Having a good memory, with much skill and faithfulness, Mr. Bray also repeated to me one of the Doctor's prayers.

"Almighty Father, Thou art always with us. There is no getting away from Thy presence. Eastward and westward, northward and southward, inward and outward, "everyward" it is God. Thou art with us in the Spring when the opening petal points with index finger saying there is better to come! Thou art with us in the Summer when the blooming flowers stand forth in their loveliness and radiant beauty, showing all the world what God can do without a brush! Thou art with us in the Autumn when the golden corn sings a song on the breeze and bows its head in homage to the God who grew it! And Thou art with us in the Winter when Thou dost weave a garment of snow and garb our sleeping mother earth and keep her warm for sunnier days! Yes—Thou art always with us—Amen."

One thing Mr. Bray told me that surprised me; he said he had bought in a second-hand book-shop "A Preacher's Life, an Autobiography, and an Album," bearing the inscription—

"Presented to Thomas Sissons, a true and loyal servant of Jesus Christ, by Joseph Parker."

I was reminded of a note which I made at the time of Mr. Sissons' death, which was to the following effect:—Dr. Parker, at the conclusion of his last Thursday's service in the City Temple, said: One most faithful and zealous Thursday morning hearer has very suddenly passed away. I was shocked to read this morning of the sudden decease of the Rev. Thomas Sissons, long of Kent, and lately minister at Whitechapel, London. To him I owe a large debt of kind sympathy and wise encouragement, and from him I have to thank God for many a wise word of good cheer. In his tone and heart he was always so gentle and so brotherly, and how I shall see him on earth no more. One by one they are gathering fast on the farther shore. Let us all join in singing—

"O that with yonder sacred throng."

The following bit of correspondence is a chink which lets in a whole firmament of light:

KING EDWARD ROAD, N.E.,

8th November, 1898.

Dear and honoured Dr. Parker, **APR 10 1959**

At our N.E. Ministerial Fraternal yesterday, when there were present Messrs. W. Pedr Williams, Henry Harries, M.A., John Gregory, Thomas Grear, C. Fleming Williams, Louis J. Bailey, Dolfan Lewis, James T. Davies, E. E. Cleal, T. Dixon Rutherford, M.A., James Johns, B.A., Owen Thomas, M.A., Fred Brown, and James Irving, Secretary, I was requested to write to you in the name and behalf of the brethren. We all feel deep sorrow on account of your unspeakable anxiety for the illness of your beloved Mrs. Parker, and tender you our united loving sympathy. One who has been a helper and inspirer of many, and especially

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

of Ministers, richly deserves their sincere fellowship with him in his time of trouble, and we assure you of our warm esteem and affection for you for your work's sake, and express earnestly the hope that your cherished wife may soon be restored to her usual health and her high station of ministering to the comfort, happiness, and encouragement of a Master in Israel who himself would be the first to acknowledge that to her loyalty and devotion he owes much of his greatness and usefulness. On my own account and on behalf of each member of our Fraternal, I pray that yours and you, in sickness as in health, in sorrow as in joy, may increasingly feel guarded round and round by the peace that passeth all understanding.

Always gratefully yours,

JAMES IRVING.

HAMPSTEAD,

November 11th.

My dear Friend,

I have only a moment in which to thank you and the Brethren of the N.E. Fraternal for the beautiful and most welcome letter with which we have been favoured. I read it to the dear patient and she expressed her grateful appreciation, which I hereby notify to you with the utmost explicitness. Thank all the brethren—thank everyone of them—say they have touched our love and drawn its stream upon their own Ministry.

The operation is fixed for 9.30, Saturday, a.m. *Think of us.*

Ever truly yours,

Rev. James Irving.

JOSEPH PARKER.

The operation, which was most critical, was duly performed. It was thought to be eminently successful. For some days, strong hopes were entertained by Mrs. Parker's able and experienced physicians of the rapid recovery of their distinguished patient, but the dear disconsolate Doctor, in reply to an early enquiry of mine, could only say, "They tell me she is getting better; I cannot see it." On the 18th November he wrote: "The invalid is very sadly this morning. The helplessness is truly distressing to me, what must it be to her." Of her latter days, the Doctor said, "Wearier and sadder days for me were seldom passed by mortal man." But during the whole time no complaining word passed those sweet and eloquent lips.

"What a mercy, my dear," said the husband, "that you have no pain!"

"My dear," said the wife, "There has been nothing but mercy."

"This was the spirit in which she lived and died—no, not died—say, rather, ascended. Her sick room was turned into a garden of choice flowers by many tender and generous hands. Day by day the fragrant flowers came. Day by day the gates of the higher garden opened more and more widely. Day by day the wilderness encroached upon my own withering life. Through all the weary days Emma encouraged me to go on with my work."

"You will preach to-morrow," were almost the first words she said on recovering consciousness after the operation on that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday. 'If you wish it my love.' 'Certainly,' she replied. 'I preached, at what cost of heartache can never be known.'

THURSDAY the 22nd December, 1898, was the 34th anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Parker's marriage-day. At the conclusion of the Noon Service the Doctor announced to us that that day a book of verses by Mrs. Parker was being published, entitled "Summer Sonnets and other Verses." "In her illness," the broken-hearted husband added, "this labour of love has brought her much joy." She corrected the proofs on the bed from which she never again rose. Her end he thus described:—

"A hundred and five days, a hundred and six, then a hundred and seven—and the end! My heart breaks as I think of it. 'Keep me—hold me,' were her last words; then the panting, succeeded by the long breathing, then the lessening respiration, then less, then Heaven."

The death, or as her husband preferred to put it, "the ascension" of the second Mrs. Parker, took place on the twenty-sixth day of January, 1899. On earth, as far as man can judge, she approved herself a woman of great goodness of heart and intellect, a help-mate of rare resource and wisdom, and towards the end of her days, a sufferer, who in the strength of her Saviour, won by faith and patience the right to exclaim "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory!"

But all who desire to know what Emma Jane Common was to Joseph Parker should read the tribute which he wrote to her memory in his "Autobiography and an Album." I know that many women think the sketch is much over-drawn, but I also feel assured that any man who reads Dr. Parker's eulogium of Mrs. Parker, and who has had a good wife of his own, will be constrained to wish he had the Doctor's genius, that he might so utter the thoughts that arise within him concerning her.

She was a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance.

She obtained favour of all them that looked upon her, for she was fair to look upon.

The King loved her above all the women.

He set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen.

He preferred her to the best place in his house.

She considered her household and ate not the bread of idleness.

She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.

She stretched out her hands to the poor; yea, she reached forth her hands to the needy.

She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness.

She sat at Jesus's feet and heard His words.

She chose the good part that shall not be taken from her.

The house was full of the odour of the ointment.

Her sun has gone down while it was yet day.

They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless.

Of course I went to the funeral, but like one of old I followed afar off, sufficiently shaded I considered from the chief mourner's vision by the intervening crowd,—in other words, I was one who helped to fringe the skirts of the vast gathering of men and women who were eager to show their sympathy with the sorrow-stricken husband—and though he could not see me, yet I saw him, and I saw that his grief was very great. When all was over and most of the mourners had gone, I crept near to the open grave and saw the expressive words attached to the husband's beautiful wreath of arum lilies, "Heart of my heart, life of my life : she is not here, she is risen.—Joseph Parker." Then I thought of his home going, of the house that had been left desolate, of the night of that funeral, when the aged father turned the key of the door of the home of my youth and locked the dear mother outside in the cold grave where we had left her, and I prayed that the loving-kindness of the Lord might break through the midnight of his soul, and that his sad lonely heart might feel bending over him One like unto the Son of Man, "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

On the following Thursday Dr. Parker preached his wife's funeral sermon. With fear and trembling I went, but I took with me my brave friend Faith. Than he, I know not who was there beside. Like the prisoner Princess, who said she had eyes only for him who had offered to King Cyrus to lay down his own life for her liberty, I that day had eyes only for the preacher. My whole soul was bound up in him. I have been present at the City Temple on, at least, three very solemn occasions, when Dr. Parker was the preacher ; the first, when he preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of his or any other time ; the second, when he preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Parker ; and the third, when he preached the funeral sermon of our beloved, lamented and most glorious Queen Victoria. I consider that his resolution to preach the funeral sermon of her whom he loved as his own soul, was one of the three most daring things which Dr. Parker ever did ; the delivery, taking all the circumstances into consideration, of the masterly and magnificent addresses which, as Chairman of the Union in 1884 and again in 1902, which he gave, being the other two. This, I think, is the proper place to say that the chief comfort I had in listening to Dr. Parker at any time was the feeling with which he at once inspired me that he was fully equipped for the service which he had undertaken. I never once saw him "put out," "put about," or what is called "lost." He was always master of the situation. Even on the present most trying occasion, he proved equal to the awful strain. Oh, how often I have wished I could describe that service. The subdued supplications, the reverent reading of the Word of God, the appropriate text, and the truly wonderful discourse. It was all so pathetic, so tragic, so hallowed, and so heavenly, that to try to dress it in the garb of speech would be sacrilege. It was one of those things regarding which we may adopt the language of Burns, and say :—

Still o'er those scenes my memory clings,
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

Doctor Parker took for his text Job ii., 13, "And none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great." From the start we leaned forward in our pew, fixed upon the preacher our eyes, and listened with both our ears. Our heart was very soon weltering in emotion and our soul climaxing with feeling. The skilful orator was doing with us just whatever he had a mind. As he proceeded, we soon perceived that his every word, his every thought, his every feeling, his every sensation, and his every movement, were preaching of her whose name was, he seemed to think, too sacred to cross his lips. The pent-up feeling was trying our breath a good deal, and now and again I sneaked out my handkerchief to wipe away the tears. It was a triumph of heaven over earth. We saw this mortal putting on immortality; and we all felt convinced that death was swallowed up in victory. Surely, never before did any preacher's soul publicly pass through such a spiritual exercise. Thirty years ago I heard a Harrogate doctor say physical exercise is good until it becomes expenditure, after that, it is waste. Who can estimate the expenditure of soul, of heart, of life, which Dr. Parker that day so prodigally spent. I don't believe anything he ever did took so much out of him as preaching that sermon. We tried to sing, but somehow our lips would not shape aright the words. Presently, the crowd stole away. Each seemed to go away quietly. When we reached the porch, my friend Faith lifted up his left hand, and gave a series of nods; I lifted up my right hand, and of sympathy and sentiment, there was ample exchange, but of speech there was none.

But never shall I forget how a J.P. from Grahamstown tried to tell us that Dr. Parker had described his case altogether. Then the strong man turned away from us, for his heart was agonised with grief, and the only point he could put in his speech was a heart-broken sob.

Perhaps no sermon that ever was preached created so much consternation in London, and I think I may even say in Great Britain, as the discourse which Dr. Parker delivered at the commemoration of the Cromwell Tercentenary on Tuesday, the 25th April, 1899. Every seat and every foothold in the City Temple was occupied, and the gathering was remarkable for the preponderance of men, which was a striking feature in all Dr. Parker's congregations. Taking for his text, Ezra. ix 3, "When I heard this thing I rent my garment . . . and sat down astonished." He said, we have lost the genius of indignation. No man is astonished now. So many of us are such invalids that we do not like even strong language. I believe in violence after every other method has been exhausted. Ezra was the Cromwell of the Old Testament, a right valiant and outspoken man. He would have a hard time of it if he lived now. Here the Doctor intimated that there were critics who failed to rise to the distinction between a preacher denouncing impious officialism and a fellow-sinner proclaiming condemnation upon his fellow-sinners. About the man, he continued, I say nothing: we are not dealing with personalities in this great controversy, but we are dealing with great principles. I dread nearly every celebration of a great name, for we are so inclined to forget that we celebrate Cromwell best by spreading the principles of Cromwell. At this point the preacher seemed to hear the voice of God saying unto him "Be Cromwell within thyself!" Thereupon he proceeded to apply the text to the topics of the day in a bold and most fearless manner. One of his first allusions was to the King, then the Prince

of Wales. Said he, "We look to Princes for noble deeds and high examples. If I find my Prince or my Premier on the race-ground," the preacher speaking these words very slowly, then stretching out his arms, with an outburst of offended indignation, he shouted at the pitch of his voice "I do not like it."

Speaking of ecclesiastical renegades, the preacher said, "When I heard that a Nonconformist had become rich and went into the Cabinet, and turned his back on his father and mother, so far as their principles were concerned; when I heard that a man had turned his back upon the Nonconformity that washed him, clothed him, educated him, gave him his first chance in life, and then went over to the side that had done nothing for him but persecute his ancestors, 'I rent my garments and my mantle, and I sat down astonished.' I for one would not have him preside at a meeting of the Liberation Society. I would bear the loss; I would count his absence a gain. I am wearied with your milk-and-water men, and I am wearied with any party that only tampers and palters with great questions."

An allusion was next made to the Kaiser, who went to the East, and in an after-dinner speech spoke of "My friend the Sultan." Said Dr. Parker: "He may have been the Kaiser's friend; he was not yours, nor mine, nor God's. So long as any man can say 'My friend the Sultan,' I wish to have no commerce of friendship with that man. The Sultan drenched the land with blood, and did all manner of hellish iniquity. He may have been the Kaiser's friend, but in the name of God, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—speaking of the Sultan, not as an individual, not merely as a man, but as the Great Assassin—I say, God damn the Sultan!"

For a short moment the vast audience seemed awed, but soon recovering burst into loud and long continued applause. As the cheering extorted by the vehemence of the speaker subsided he again changed his tone to the slow, low whisper, and spoke of a bill he had had sent in for payment. In explanation, he said it was for a grave, the deepest grave he ever dug, and at the top of the bill was a designation of the ground, and that one word was "unconsecrated." There were loud cries of shame, and once more the preacher's voice rose to its highest pitch, and he cried "Ay, a thousand times shame. Let the whole earth cry shame. Am I to be told that this word "unconsecrated" is merely a technical term notifying only an ecclesiastical arrangement. No, it is more, it is a knavish trick, it is a Popish device. It is a detestable blasphemy." He next called to account the men who take Protestant money and practice Popish tricks, and poured upon them all the vials of his righteous indignation. He could respect an honest Papist, and he could respect an honest Puritan, but for the man who tries to be both he had nothing but detestation.

On Monday, 28th January, 1901, Dr. Parker opened what is now known as the Simultaneous Free Church Mission, in London. The famous inaugural service was held in the Guildhall. Everybody, male and female, on retiring from the renowned and historical edifice that day joined in saying "That is the best thing Parker has ever done." I had heard and used the same words often before. In fact, the Doctor was always, in my estimation, doing his best thing. On this occasion he certainly reached the high-water mark of genuine eloquence. The vast building was, long before the hour, crowded to the doors by a magnificent congregation. The comments of my thickly-packed-together neighbours around me were most amusing and racy. "There was never such a gathering of Nonconformists as this;" "That's Dr. Clifford;"

"That's Munro Gibson;" "That's Jowett—Dr. Dale's great successor;" "That's Gipsy Smith;" "That John M'Neill;" "The Spicers are in big force to-day;" There's ex-M.P. Albert, Alderman Evan, and yet a third member of the Spicer brothers all doing what they can to accommodate the throng with chairs and programmes; "That's F. B. Meyer—Newman Hall's indefatigable successor;" and so on. Carvell Williams was looking grave and senior. Mr. Gibbon, who followed Dr. Brock and Mr. Chown at Bloomsbury, looks a most alert man. A parson amused me a good deal by remarking that "he was always afraid on these occasions lest the great man should not be up to his work;" as if Joseph could ever again be put into the pit. Within the richly illuminated walls many remarkable audiences have gathered and many wonderful scenes have been witnessed, but this was the first time they ever enclosed a distinctly religious gathering, and I was curious to see how it would all end, so I kept my eyes as well as my ears open. Hark! The Lord Mayor of London is announced. The time is on the stroke of noon. His lordship is in State, decked in all his glittering paraphernalia of office, accompanied by the Sheriffs in their scarlet robes, and by the City Marshal, Remembrancer, and other high officials. As quietly as they can they press through the crowd, get to their places in front of the platform and take their seats. The stately audience had risen to its feet on the appearance of so great a magnate, but if all were of my mind I fear the perpendicular attitude was assumed more for the purpose of sight-seeing than homage.

The Reverend Doctor, too, is now in his place, and, though actually just the least bit nervous, he looks to me equal to the occasion, and he demonstrated it to perfection. I shall not attempt to describe the impossible. Men and brethren, it was fine, it was faithful, it was faultless, and it was just what I should have said and done myself if I only had been able. Having sung the great religious Scottish anthem, "All people that on earth do dwell," as it never was discoursed at least in that place, for everybody sang with all his heart and soul—no, not quite everybody, for I could not see either Hugh Price Hughes or Robertson Nicoll move a lip, and I was greatly surprised—then Dr. Parker said he could not allow the service to proceed further until, in the name of himself and all his friends, he had cordially thanked the Lord Mayor, and all who were associated with him, for permitting them in that ancient hall to hold what was a distinctly religious service. Nobody had asked Dr. Parker to say this. There was none to do so. His was the awful solitude at last of being in a world without anyone capable of instructing him. If he, the preacher, might say so, the event and its environment were unique. He believed that they were unparalleled in the religious history of Imperial England. What was the environment? A new century; a new King. God save the King! [Murmurs of "Amen!"] And a new kind of service in the Guildhall of the sovereign city of the Empire. We are not here in any sectarian capacity. God forbid! We are here to uphold the true genius of religious catholicity. I shall fail in my argument if I do not prove that the agreements of Christian men are infinitely greater than their differences. Dr. Parker then prayed that God might bless the great City of London, the King and all the members of the Royal Household, and all the agencies at work for the regeneration of the nation. Matthew ix. 36, "And when Jesus saw the multitude He was moved with compassion," was the text which Dr. Parker selected from which to deliver a sermon that fairly thrilled the vast assembly and was in itself unique.

This year, at the Good Friday celebration, at the City Temple, the attractions to the æsthetic and devout mind were greater than ever, and the congregations could not well have been larger for the aisles as well as the pews were crowded to the doors. A striking feature of the service was Gounod's anthem "Redemption" which was tenderly and plaintively rendered. The Scripture lessons were, of course, admirably and pathetically read. Hymns and tunes beautifully wedded tended to increase that melancholy joyfulness which steals into the soul in the solemn but hopeful contemplations of Eastertide. That grand hymn

"When I survey the wondrous Cross,"

having been sung to the tune "Rockingham"—and grandly sung, too—up rose the Doctor, and in his most reverent, instructive, and encouraging way delivered a truly eloquent and soul-moving discourse on the Crucifixion. The very heart of evangelical truth was reached and touched and laid bare, and everybody felt its mighty, saving, and sustaining throb. One thing that struck me throughout was that from beginning to ending it was question and answer, and might appropriately be called the Doctor's great interrogatory and confirmatory discourse on the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I am glad I took a full note of it, and somewhere some day I mean to give it the wings of print.

1901, the Doctor's *annus mirabilis*, saw the completion and publication of what he designed to be his legacy to his brethren in the ministry, viz., his "Pulpit Bible." Inside it is a noble volume. The binding wants supervision. In all his other books he may be said to be sending letters, here he sends telegrams, nuggets of thought, sermons wrapped up in single sentences. It is the pith and marrow of his soul set out on a margin. Regarding the work Dr. Adamson says:—"On the margin of a Bible he had from time to time written thoughts suggested to him as he read the sacred page in his study. These marginalia had grown until the sacred volume was well nigh covered . . . Dr. Parker completed his labours in about two years, beginning in 1899, and publishing 'The Pulpit Bible' in the autumn of 1901." Mr. Albert Dawson says: "Although he has had this work in contemplation for more than twenty-five years, he did not settle down to the execution of his idea until he had reached his seventieth year." These statements require revising and extending for I know Dr. Parker had this work before his mind and in his heart for thirty-six years. When he conceived the idea of such a work, he told me, he entered the date in a book, and he showed me the book and I saw the date was sometime in 1865. He had been at work on it, more or less, all the intervening time until its publication. And I do not wonder for it is the work of a man who read his Bible through and through, who studied his Bible verse by verse, chapter by chapter, book by book, and also as a whole, who knew his Bible thoroughly, who spent his whole life in praying that Heaven would send down its life-giving light upon the sacred page, and of a man who had a prolonged and intimate acquaintance with its Divine Author. God's Book was the delight of his soul. On God's Law he meditated day and night. The Testimonies of the Lord had his choicest care and his most affectionate attention. Although he did not annotate every verse yet he noted every verse. In "The Pulpit Bible" where there is no marginal reference opposite a verse or a passage, he explained to me that the reason was that he had nothing to say about it. How beautiful is all this? He who had studied

the Word of God more than most men was humble enough to feel and confess that there were portions of the Book that struck him dumb, demonstrating what Brutus saith :

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Those there are who, if they could, would not allow the Bible to be anywhere, and who the less they know of it the louder they call for its banishment, but here is a man who, like Timothy, had known the Holy Scriptures from a child, whose soul from the first had hungered for the Bread of Heaven, on which Manna he had fed, nourished and matured his spiritual nature for more than three-score years and ten, and was feasting on it still, and experiencing that "when heart and flesh were fainting and failing God was the strength of his heart and his portion for ever;" and who was also finding that the more he knew of the Revelation which Heaven had made to man, to him the more Divine it all became. My dear reader, I charge you to remember him who hath thus testified to you of the Word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end.

Dr. Parker, when he chose, could be very sarcastic, and a well simulated effort on his part to soften it down, only made his scorching wit the more keen. Not so very long before his death, at the close of his Thursday noon service, in an explanatory, but in a somewhat sarcastic mood, he informed us that he had received from a gentleman in America a communication to the effect that he had seen it stated in the religious press over there that he was resigning his position as Minister of the City Temple. Said the Doctor. "This gentleman advises me not to do so until he come and have the pleasure of acting for a time as my assistant." (Laughter). "I may say," continued the Doctor, "that I have not resigned, and that I do not intend to resign—(loud applause)—although I must admit that the stress of these times is very hard, and a man needs to be very strong to withstand the strain. But still it is *something* to know that in the event of my being overpowered, there is a man in America who thinks he can be spared, and who is willing to come and wear my mantle when I have finished with it. Mayhap this knowledge may yet be of use." In the meantime, let us all try to be as young as we can, and now stand up and sing—

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

But Dr. Parker was beautiful at paying a compliment, too. I said to him one day, "Doctor, the bit of work which you have apportioned to me is, I think, the most difficult of all." He answered "I know that and that is the reason I gave it to you to do." Of course, I never forgot it, and, in fact, it has lain ever since like healing balm upon the hurt of what I fear I must call my errant if not hitherto unprofitable powers. This personal reference reminds me of what led up to it. By his own request I had gone to see him at Tynehome. "The other day," said he, "when you were here, you mentioned the name of Mr. John Rylands of Manchester, tell me how you came to know him?" "In the early 'seventies," said I, "I was preaching at Union Chapel, Stretford, and I stayed for the week-end at Longford Hall. The arrangement had been made by my esteemed colleague, the Rev. John Marshall, of Over, in Cheshire, who was a very intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Rylands." "I knew Mr. Marshall, long ago," said the Doctor. I

likewise added that, after I had stayed at his house, Mr. Rylands made me a present of his Paragraph Bible. This seemed to remind him of a particular visit which when he was Minister of Cavendish he had himself made to Longford Hall. It was in the middle of the 'sixties and he remembered Mr. Rylands shewing him the plan of his most useful work, whereupon Dr. Parker conceived the idea and formed a resolution that with God's help he would write a Pulpit Bible of his own. Dr. Parker's ambitions were always large and often laudable. Surely this, which as I have already said, he cherished from 1865 to the very end of his days, viz. to influence every pulpit in Christendom, was both. We next went into some strictly private negotiations, after finishing which, the Doctor asked me to walk with him over the Heath, meaning Hampstead Heath. A walk with Dr. Parker was a good part of a liberal education. He seemed to see everything, to know everybody, where each resided, and above all, to communicate he forgot not. It was a bright, crisp Spring morning, and all the world felt glad. We went by the broad and narrow ways, and got into some of the most bewitching by-paths and long lovers' lanes to be found out of Kent, and on, and on, and retraced not a single step until we reached the lake on the summit and drank in the expansive view. The children on the way were all assured of his interest in them, the old and the very poor were amply convinced that they were the objects of his regard, and the policeman at point he made believe that it was highly important for him to tell the Doctor his views on questions of the day in order to secure the soundness and establishment of his own. Nor did we fall out by the way although we talked on all sorts of subjects. It was after the disaster on Spion Kop. The Doctor was broken-hearted for the Queen. He feared the war would kill her. We had no business there. The war might have been done without, and if we had waited we would have got all we wanted. Everything connected with it, he thought, had been badly prepared, badly planned, and badly performed. Our Government had entered upon it with too light a heart. We had trusted to our big battalions more than to our God. We were going to give our soldiers a holiday, a walk over the despicable Boer. All this the Doctor certainly deplored. "But," I urged, "the Raid was the commencement of the War." In reply the Doctor said, "The Raid was not only unpardonable, but most mischievous. Then look at the last General that we sent out. He lectured for us at the City Temple, and I had to tell him the views were the wrong side up." We discussed the propriety of preachers, when they got into other men's pulpits, referring in any way to such a thorny subject as the War; and, I instanced the rash statements and misjudgements made in my hearing by Mr. Horwell, in the pulpit of my highly-esteemed friend Morlais Jones. I learned that the Doctor would show no mercy to such regardless pulpiteers. But by this time we had come to our place of parting; after he had gone from me, I turned round and watched him go across to a place where they sell things that comfort "the aged and the poor," and I presume he sent parcels of them to some of his late lamented wife's pensioners. At any rate, when somebody got his cheque for something which he had done, it was bigger than the bargain.

When the Czar of Russia issued his unexpected but welcome Manifesto calling universal attention to the evils of War, at the same time pointing out

the immense advantages that would accrue to the world if the nations of Europe would only consent to a permanent reduction of their armaments, Dr. Parker was among the first to take up the subject and discuss it in the most earnest and enthusiastic manner. Preaching in the City Temple on Boxing Day 1898, he took for his theme, "The Trophies won by Christianity," and delivered one of the most memorable discourses I ever heard even him deliver. Before closing the service he read the following resolution from the pulpit:

"We heartily desire that the most welcome suggestion of his Imperial Majesty, the Czar of Russia, receive the cordial support of her Majesty's Government in the interests of disarmament and universal peace."

The vast audience voted for the resolution by standing up in a mass, whereupon the Doctor said, now let us join in our parting hymn—

"Hark the herald angels sing."

Which of all the things that made for righteousness and peace did not this great man succour? Still he was not a peace-at-any-price man.

In 1896 Dr. Parker wrote: If I were asked to name the most memorable public occasion in which I have taken part, I should name the time when I delivered the eulogy on Henry Ward Beecher in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. No doubt that was a very memorable occasion for the great auditorium was crowded with the wisest, brightest, fairest and best of the American nation to listen to a Briton's eulogy of their noblest orator, statesman and son. But I think had he been asked the same question after he had passed the chair of the Union for the second time, and had delivered his brace of addresses on the United Congregational Church—addresses it would be idle to praise and vain to depreciate—I believe he would have changed his nomination. Be this as it may I am of opinion that a great and glorious meeting was held when the Baptist and Congregational Unions met for the first time in united assembly at the City Temple, on Tuesday, the 23rd April, 1901, under Dr. Parker's presidency. Perhaps never before was the noble edifice, which can accommodate more people than any other available place in the City of London, so packed with human beings. Nobody could after that unique gathering say that ministers are not good and patient hearers. They endured like martyrs for the reward set before them. The event too was not only denominational it was national. Never in the annals of English Nonconformity had, the two largest bodies of Dissenters met together in session, and the historian has noted the fact.

The platform was for the ex-chairmen of the respective Unions, and among those honouring it were such well-known veterans of Dissent as Dr. J. Guinness Rogers, Dr. Glover, Dr. Newman Hall, Dr. Greenhough, Dr. John Brown, Dr. Clifford, Dr. George S. Barrett, Charles Williams, Arnold Thomas, William Cuff, Alfred Rowland, and T. M. Morris. The devotional part conducted by Professor Adeney was brief, but striking. Played by Mr. Hawkins, the organ led the singing in the most spirited way, and it was while rolling out, "The Church's One Foundation," that the grand old trio, Dr. Parker, Dr. Maclaren, and Dr. Rainy ascended the pulpit—the very pulpit presented by the City of London, and around which a whole Sanhedrim of clatter had once waged. Appearance goes a long way with some people, and even when it is more remarkable than attractive, it is apt to catch the eye and detain the fancy. A sculptor once said,

"Give me for my art, the head of an old man who has lived a good life: there is nothing finer." I notice that each of the noble trio standing up before us has a splendid head to crown a magnificent personality. I must however remember that I have at present chiefly to do with Dr. Parker. He is thick-set, vigorous, erect, manly. His hair once dark-brown and bushy, now bushy and iron-grey. His nose, a little too apologetic for so massive a face. His eyes full of passion, fire, artillery: ambushed under clear cut weighted lids, that take on varying looks of industry, inexorableness, rapt thought, keen feeling, fatigue, holy awe, animation, admiration, adoration—eyes, two jewels deep-set in the crown of a king. His mouth, well moulded and comely, with lips, thick but firm, and fashioned after a powerful mould of beauty observable more in the North where men make soldiers and are less effeminate. His hand perfect as that which Lord Leighton gave to all his work when the consummate artist's own brush commenced, continued, and completed the painting. Then, to crown all, there was his voice, what a wonderful voice: it could weep, it could smile, it could storm; it could be heard above the hurricane, it was formed to sound and resound Hallelujah, and its sweet tender gentleness could move a tyrant's heart to tears. It was a wonderful voice. But listen. Dr. Parker briefly explains that to have a little common prayer, and to take a little common advice—to sink all differences and feel our common brotherhood—is the real cause of our meeting together. Here I caught a side view of Dr. Rainy's face, and I thought what a wonderful likeness there was on it to the great Duke of Wellington, and I felt sure he must be a leader of men; whereupon I ceased to wonder that he should have been able to unite at least half the Christian people of Scotland in one bond of brotherhood. Dr. Maclaren's address was superb, and, on his rising to deliver it, the vast audience rose and greeted the distinguished and venerable preacher by cheering him again and again. The attention was rapt, the theme thoroughly evangelical and the effect produced on the hearer was that, in the future, God helping him, he would glory only in the Cross of Christ and preach only Jesus and Him crucified. On the following Thursday Dr. Maclaren took the chair in the same place and Dr. Parker delivered, as Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for the second time, his great historic address on the United Congregational Church. On that day, I think, Dr. Parker rose to the zenith of his earthly fame.

In that address, briefly and plainly stated, the great Doctor advocated the creation, by a solemn Declaratory Act, of a Union within which Congregationalism could do its common work with the utmost efficiency.

That the Union thus created should have the simple and self-explaining name—The United Congregational Church.

That meanwhile nothing further should be done until all the Congregational Churches, Sunday Schools, and County Associations have had ample time to discuss formative suggestions as to the plan, policy, and procedure of the new Union.

That in regard to superannuation, sustentation, church aid, and all other schemes to assist needy ministers and needy churches, the time has come for Congregationalism to consolidate its experience and its resources and create a Common Fund,

That the Country Congregational Associations and not the Churches be the basis of the United Congregational Church.

That, the United Congregational Church being representative, will with the hearty consent of all the Churches composing the Country Associations be clothed with an executive authority, and that this authority shall, among other things, discuss and determine admission to the Ministry, and the distribution of the Common Fund.

And, believing as the Doctor did, that Congregationalism does not need repairing, but completing; and that, when it ceases to be a mere union of isolated churches, and becomes a composite United Church, all kinds of aggressive work will open up before it, it will then have a greater and grander, and longer day than ever. Most touching and ennobling was the language in which the veteran leader concluded his admirable address. The words are worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. "Brethren, I am hoping that God will mercifully grant me early release from my long and arduous ministry—a ministry full of pain, black with blackest sorrow, yet now and again bright with all the glory, and calm with all the peace, of realised and sanctifying love. I hope soon to see the evening star, and then the summer morning of heaven. According to the reckoning of the calendar, my life is behind me. 'My company is gone on before.' Under such circumstances, a man will speak his most solemn and ennobling thoughts. Standing therefore at the parting of the ways—a sinner needing all the Saviour's priestly help—a minister weaker than a bruised reed—a brother to whom has been daily given the pain and chastening of a wounded spirit—I solemnly say, with a passion so intense as to become the highest expression of repose, that it would make my heart glad with a Simeon-like satisfaction if I could have some assurance that it is this day in your hearts, prayerfully to consider at least the idea of The United Congregational Church."

Dr. Parker's interest in the Ministers and Churches of his denomination became special after his settlement at Cavendish Street, Manchester. In a sense, during his eleven years' ministry there, he may be said to have been at every man's beck, and every church's call. Little Bethels by the wayside, in the country, miles away from a railway station, equally with the large barn-like edifices in towns, had given to them the opportunity of hearing "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee;" or some other such text, expounded, illustrated and enforced with a skill that was unique, and a force that was well-nigh irresistible.

When he came to London it was the same, only more so. In short, during the whole of his long ministry, he may be said to have amply earned the title of the servant of all the Churches, and to none did they look for help with greater confidence on their great occasions than to this man. Said he to me once in the midst of the deplorable Allon-Parker controversy: "I want to know who among them all has worked harder than I have done, and more freely spent his time and his talents, such as they were, in the service of his denomination, that they should so sedulously strive to keep from me the honour which the bulk of our people consider is my right?" To which of course I said, Aye, indeed! For as I have just said, no minister with such commanding responsibilities laid upon him by his own church walked out and in among sister churches, great and small, with more freedom and frequency. Intimately too was he acquainted with his brother-

ministers, and wherever he went he kept asking questions. I sat near him at a breaking-up meeting of New College, and his inquiries regarding this and that man were like the following: Who is that? How is he getting on? Is he succeeding where he is? Does he get hold of the people? I have, also, been astounded when I have heard that the farewell testimonials of some ministers—not always friends—had been considerably increased by Dr. Parker.

More than twenty years ago, a society was formed for the avowed purpose of getting every accredited minister of the body a living wage. Dr. Parker was not a member, but now and again he entered into conference with *The Koinonia*. He was told the sorrows of some Congregational Ministers in their work—sorrows discovered after great pains had been taken,—learned as it were by dragging them out of the brethren, for, ministers who are worst off are the least likely to communicate to others, their tale of misery. It was no trouble to get him sympathetically to recognise the chafing from which many honoured men in the Congregational Ministry suffered, and the alleviation of their sufferings entered largely into his great soul. The tale of grief, I believe, greatly spurred him on in his efforts to complete the construction and consolidation of Congregationalism.

Somewhere in this memorial I go as far as to hint that a husband may be none the worse for taking the advice sometimes of his wife. In some moods I would even go the length of agreeing with the incomparable Burns when, in ‘*Tam o’ Shanter*,’ he attempts an adjustment of the matrimonial balance:—

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen’d sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises.

How unnecessary was any such lamentation in the case of Doctor and Mrs. Parker. That Dr. Parker was passionately fond of his wife, looked upon her as the most precious jewel his heart could treasure, loved her as his own soul, and sought and took her counsel in everything, his whole outward demeanour constituted one unending demonstration. But he not only consulted, he considered his wife. Thomas Binney, when he had properly looked upon the new comer to the great City, looked all round him, looked, as he only could, right down through him, and saw the immense possibilities stretching away out before him in every direction, said “My hope for him is in his wife.” A gentleman who was worth millions of money said to me when his wife was very ill, “She has been the light of my life.” Mrs. Parker was the light of her husband’s life—a light which he not only consulted, but considered, and which he would have been the first to own had never led him once astray. And well he might, for she considered him in every thing and all the way through. He was her one study. She had given up everything for him, which is only another way of saying that to him she had given everything. He knew it all, and he was grateful. In the end it all came to this, that nobody but himself knew how entirely he was dependent upon her, and even he did not fully realise his absolute dependence until she was taken from him. The sorrows and solitude of his widowerhood became more and more trying after he had delivered his address as chairman of the Union in April, 1901. The reform he advocated and the changes in the name

and constitution of the Union which he advised, were not by any means universally approved. Formerly, in times of denominational controversy, he, according to a letter which he sent to me dated April 25th, 1889, betook himself to other kinds of work, but then, he was physically stronger, and he had a helpmate who helped him to mature all his plans and direct all his efforts in wisdom, and who, with unerring instinct, knew how to speak the cheering word in doubt, difficulty, and even danger. Then, whatever he put his hand to was done with two hands, and when the time came for him to open his mouth, his impassioned soul supplied the eloquence. Now he has no Mrs. Parker either to urge him on or keep him back. Perhaps I ought not to have written this last sentence, for, in administering ghostly consolation to a man who had lost his wife, the Doctor says, "I pray to my wife every day. I never come to my work without asking her to come with me and help me, in the strength of God's grace, to do it. And she does come." Nevertheless, he felt that an awful separation had taken place, and his grief and sense of loss were great. Badly did he miss her counsel, and I humbly think her death, her going before, her ascension, led him to be not a little bit reckless of his strength and regardless of his years. There are some clocks mark the time—the purpose for which a clock was invented—and they strike the hours as well. The striking is an extra. Dr. Parker, at the venerable age of 71, is still marking time, but, in addition to his gigantic work at the City Temple, he was doing a great many—too many—extras, and there was no longer his faithful partner, with her wisdom, to advise him how to save and spend the residue of his life. Before he entered upon it he said, "For some reason or other I look upon 1901 as the last year of my public work." And here he is, in this year of grace 1901, altogether unmindful that he has more than reached life's allotted span, and has already accomplished the day's work of a thousand ordinary ministers. His list of engagements for the year is indeed a long one:—

Preacher three times a week at the City Temple, and president of all its business and other meetings.

Chairman for the second time of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and thinking about his addresses all the time.

Inaugurator of the Simultaneous Mission, and preacher before the Lord Mayor of London and other City magnates in the Guildhall.

Author and publisher of his Pulpit Bible, which a competent critic calls "Jewels dropped from Dr. Parker's casquet."

Takes long journeys, and preaches at Cardiff for the National Free Church Council; and at Windermere for Dr. Adamson.

Holds memorial services for Queen Victoria; James Chalmers, the heroic missionary; and Daniel McKinley, the President of the United States, who was assassinated.

Attends and takes a prominent part in the Examiner Conference on Congregational Reform.

Preaches in the City Temple on a Whit-Monday for the first time, before the London Congregational Union.

Suffers the loss of, and pronounces a beautiful eulogy on Mr. Ebenezer Harrison, his senior deacon, and a brother of "the beloved Joshua."

Sees interviewers of all kinds. Sends important letters on public questions to *The Times* and other newspapers. Makes himself ill, and no

wonder, consults a specialist, and has to cancel his promise to go to Edinburgh to preach before the Baptist Union.

Gets fairly well and strong again, and holds his last Christmas service in the City Temple.

And now I must tell about the delivery, in Manchester, of his Autumnal Address.

Often has the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, been crowded to the doors with meetings for the promotion of religion, temperance, music, science, politics, &c., and in it I have heard some of the greatest orators and singers of my time, but surely it never was more closely packed with men and women of talent and intelligence than when Dr. Parker stood up to deliver the Chairman of the Union's Autumnal Address in 1901. It seemed as if everybody had turned out to honour the man whom the Congregational Union of England and Wales had agreed to make its chairman for the second time. Hundreds could not get in, for everybody expected Dr. Parker to do his best : and he did.

What, once more, was Dr. Parker's scheme ? I have already in my epitome of his Annual Address given the main lines of it. Briefly told, it was to bring the Congregational Churches into closest union, sympathy, helpfulness and usefulness, with the best professors in the chair, the best ministers in the pulpits, the best conveners at the schemes, the best teachers in our schools, deacons—the cream of the people, and the people—the finest of the wheat, thereby proving that a Church faithful to her Head in heaven and to the Bible on earth, to the people's rights and the interests of souls, without a penny from the State, can stand on her own feet, and evangelise the world.

I think there can be no doubt that Dr. Parker would have carried his Declaratory Act if at the conclusion of his Autumnal Address it had been put to the vote of the Assembly. It was perfectly transparent that the magic wand of great oratorical power had been laid upon the conscience and heart of the Union just as the monarch organist used to lay his fingers on the keys of his mighty instrument and let out the imprisoned music from it in waves of charming and enrapturing sound. Oh ! had we only been asked to vote then for the United Congregational Church what a vast deal, as I had ventured to predict (see page 20), would have been gained ! Had there been no conferring with flesh and blood ! Had the iron only been struck while it was hot ! How often do we find that there are other evils besides the law's delay, and that that sweet compliance which is so like the Gospel may be mistaken for it ! In a moment, as soon as the "superior persons" had grasped the momentousness of the situation, they were on their feet begging for time for further consideration, requesting the assembly, with "bated breath and whispering humbleness," not to legislate in a panic. Verily it was a sight to see the whole rank and file of those who had been known for years and years to have had scant love for Dr. Parker's ways and methods pronounce in well simulated admiration upon him that adulation which always ends with a "but." We all knew them, and we knew that the boon advocated was unattractive to them because of the advocate. Could the walls of certain clubs and coteries only gramophone the ill-clad spite, the slanderous tales, and the downright detractions of the very creatures who afterwards were the first to push themselves to the front at his Jubilee,

and even at his funeral, what a sad exhibition it would be to be sure. Tortuous indeed was the course which they pursued, but somehow or other they trod it. They had changed what they called their minds about him. They had come nearer to him, and seen him in a new light. They had got great good from his writings, and their own dear people, since they began to read him, had greatly benefited thereby. But I noticed that "their goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew, etc."

A man died the other day who had been running about London for more than fifty years, and he had carried a grudge in his heart against Dr. Parker ever since he was assistant to Dr. Campbell at the Tabernacle. For an old Non. Con. such as I mean, to become really friendly to a man that it has been part of his religion to hate ever since he was a youth, is well nigh impossible.

This view was, by what I saw, driven in upon me, for, did they not profess that they had buried the hatchet; did they not say that once they were his enemies but that now they were his friends; did they not cheer the reformer with, and like, all the rest; and did they not enter into a solemn compact of enforced silence until "sufficient time had been allowed for the consideration and discussion of the proposal of its chairman by the Churches and County Associations?" Thus and thus did they promise at the Autumnal Meeting of the Union at Manchester:—"We think at present the question is not ripe for complete discussion in this Assembly and that the first thing that we ought to do is to remit it to the prayerful, critical and serious discussion of the Churches and the County Unions in the light of the two addresses which we have listened to from the chair. When the feeling and the judgement of our Churches and of our Unions have been formed, then, I take it, will come the time for an exhaustive and final discussion and decision of the whole question in the Assembly of the Union."

"May I say this one word to the Chairman's honour this morning? Dr. Parker originally desired that this Assembly should come to a decision this morning on his proposals; but in the most kindly spirit he has foregone his own desire in favour of the resolution of the Committee, which remits this question to the Union and the Churches."

"It has been suggested—not too charitably by those who ought to have known better—that under cover of this resolution the Committee of the Union desires to get rid of the whole question—in one word to shelve it on the plea of discussing it. Sir, may I be allowed to repudiate with the utmost sincerity, that unworthy suggestion."

As I do not know to whom the speaker refers in this last sentence, I will proceed. Often, alas it has been said that the ink of the compact was scarcely dry before the men whose province it always is to object began to write the reform and the reformer down. They wrote letters, they inspired articles, they got some even of our highly honoured leaders to write on their side, and without being uncharitable they by their surprising behaviour somewhat recklessly distressed the heart of a brother whose only fault in this case, at least, had been to put forth a supreme effort to bring untold good to Congregationalism and his ministerial brethren. The long and the short of it is, time was granted for everybody to recover his breath and disenchant himself of the orator's spell. I saw the drag applied to the wheel. I saw the frenzy of the

passengers wear off. I saw the coach begin to slow and ultimately stop. I saw the convinced gainsayer become a faith breaker, and, egged on by the old party, prepare and publish an elaborate repudiation of a scheme, concerning which not long before, he had solemnly declared it had fairly won his most ardent devotion. It is no pleasure to me to chronicle as I now do the "falling away" of so many of our would-be leaders but the narrative which I am recording would be utterly incomplete without some mention of it, for "this thing was not done in a corner." Certainly these letters ought never to have been written and ought never to have been published. It was neither kind nor fair to Dr. Parker. They killed the enthusiasm for his scheme; they went far towards destroying the Doctor's faith in man, and I should not be surprised were I told, by those who knew, that the end of his days, "while he looked at the things which are seen," was considerably agitated with doubt.

One of the most memorable events that ever happened in the Memorial Hall was Dr. Parker's tussle with Dr. Hannay on Organised Congregationalism. Dr. Parker read a most able and trenchant paper on the subject, giving numerous illustrations of how men who were not official favourites were neglected and let severely alone, and contending throughout that there should either be a great deal more or else a great deal less organisation. Dr. Hannay got up, or was put up, to answer, and no disputant ever more keenly felt that he had been put on his mettle. At exposition of a principle Dr. Hannay was a perfect master; in the happy employment of fair, square, and solid argument he had scarcely an equal; at barbing shafts with scorn, sarcasm, and wit, at covering the other man with the destructive laughter of a crowded congregation, and at answering an opponent, he was second only to one in the whole Congregational camp, but that one was his antagonist of to-day, the redoubtable Dr. Parker. How these two men did slash one another to be sure! When Dr. Hannay sat down the crowning miracle of Congregationalism took place, for no debator of any importance so far as I can remember, stood up to take part and so be ground to powder between the nether and the upper millstones. The audience shouted for "Parker, Parker," to reply. The Doctor rose, looking equal to the occasion. His rejoinder was, to my mind, the smartest, severest, readiest, and most successful thing I ever heard him do in the way of chastising a poor fellow creature. We all knew it was wrong, and to be there, on our part, most unseemly. But we all enjoyed it, for speaking after the manner of men it gave the undivine part of our nature a great treat that day. The now-sainted seniors, such as Henry Wright, William Holborn, Henry Lee, and James Spicer, who were faithful attendants at that time at the meetings of the Union might, and no doubt did, shake their heads when they met outside the great hall at the top of the stairs (at that time the main staircase divided in two at the first landing, and the two outlets there joined) but the fun consisted in this, that not a soul or a body moved until the combatants had taken their coats from their respective seconders and had put them on.

Quite twenty years later Dr. Parker had another very curious encounter in the same building. This time it was Dr. Parker among the deacons. It was to all appearance a great night for deacons, for they were there in great form and numbers. They crowded the library, and they seemed bent

on making Dr. Parker answer for himself and explicitly say why it was he sought to upset their cherished Congregational Israel. I know Dr. Parker was not at all well, for in a note dated Feb. 24 (1902), 14, Lyndhurst Gardens, N.W. he wrote:—"I have to be at Mr. Spicer's meeting to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon. I am very weak. Will you kindly arrange that I can go into the library by the private glass doorway? It will be a great favour." Of course, as I undertook to see to this, I had a fire burning brightly in the grate of the room adjoining the library, and a cheering cup of tea was awaiting his expected arrival. I attended the meeting, and I saw that when he got fairly under way he seemed, comparatively speaking, all right. The deacons at times were very noisy, but from my point of observation I could not truthfully say that more than six of them ever wanted to speak at once. The Doctor set his back metaphorically to the wall, and when he was ready his attitude seemed to me to say "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I." The pictures that rush upon my mental vision are a Sir Sidney Smith on Salisbury Plain, the more strictly scriptural if not more appropriate figure of Good out of Nazareth, and Anacharsis among the Scythians (a people whose ways might have been improved and whose wisdom was somewhat elementary). Herodotus tells us that Leonidas, in the Strait of Thermopylæ with three hundred men, opposed the passage and kept at bay Xerxes and his army of two millions six hundred and fifty thousand men for two days and two nights: but Dr. Parker's three hundred were three hundred deacons all arrayed against one man, all bent upon war to the knife, and all determined to bring him into utmost discomfiture. There he stood, not quite another Ezekiel in the Valley of Drybones, rather Publius Horatius at the entrance to the bridge, standing alone against a whole army, preserving his intrepidity, daring to taunt and even trounce each and all and any one of the whole Etrurian host. The looker-on was likewise bound to admire Dr. Parker's great powers of repartee, the dexterous thrusts of his finely-tempered weapon, the inexhaustible resources of his defence, and his fine bravery in facing single handed so huge a combination. Moreover, it was also to be observed that while his ever-rallying assailants, whenever one or other of them could get one in, considered him as not "too old at forty," and tilted at him most unmercifully until, it must be admitted, once or twice they made the warrior at least a little faint. Then our Albert the Good and Mr. W. H. Brown, his generous-handed henchman, brought him water from a stolen well, but the David of our day would not drink of it. Verily that conference took a lot out of him, and altogether, looking at his opponents and thinking of the odds against *their ever being convinced in the matters of dispute*, I felt it was a useless and unwise expenditure of the most valuable intellectual and physical force. Of this there can be no doubt, that it afforded another sad illustration of the treatment invariably meted out to a reformer who proposes to enlarge and make increasingly useful any institution which may long have been the favourite plaything upon which self-elected fathers and brethren have ungrudgingly spent all their pastime, and who, as soon as they see what they take to be a stranger approaching it, inflate their lungs and shout at the pitch of their voice, "Hands off!" "Let well alone!" Independency had for years and years been to such people the cherished idol of their Noncon-

formity. To be left seemingly alone that was chiefly all they cared for. The advent of Dr. Parker in London was to all such a great awakening. They said we have our own commodious meeting houses, many of them equipped in oak and burnished brass, we have our own congregations, and we have our own good salaries ; and this fellow we must at all risks repress or else, instead of our annual gatherings being a feast for the favoured few, we can plainly foresee that they will become a great denominational pie around which every town missionary and every country pastor will set himself down and try to stick his finger in. No, no, this will never do ! Parker must be repressed ! And so they set themselves to do it.

Those who care to go back as far as the 'sixties, to read the history of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, will find that for a popular institution with democratic tendencies it was in its government and management much too much in the hands of a few. I have seen Dr. J. Guinness Rogers standing at the foot of the platform until his admirers shouted him up. At the time that Dr. Parker came to London many men were beginning to long for freer methods and association in the performance of their work on a much broader and a more equal basis. A man who would be good at smiting off fetters, gyves, and the traditions of the elders would be most invaluable and highly esteemed. The make and manner of Dr. Parker's nature seemed to cut him out for the work desiderated. It was growingly felt that "the old gang" must move on or go. In allowing himself, even tacitly, to be considered the leader of such a campaign, and in doing what he could to help the progressives of that day to bring things into line, Dr. Parker became a marked man, and I am afraid that men from whom we had a right to expect better things were not always solicitous about Dr. Parker's peace of mind, and often the construction put upon his words and works was far from being complimentary. The most cruel part of the whole persecution, for it was nothing else, was that Dr. Parker's assailants persisted in putting his desire for reform down to anything but the right thing, charging him with fighting for his own hand, fighting to be made chairman, fighting when he should have allowed others to fight for him, fighting when he should have been quiet, lying low and saying nothing. However much they might by their unworthy tactics have deceived others they were not themselves deceived. Eminent and excellent men might allow themselves to be thrust into places of honour before their time, and when warned of the use that was being made of them, say meekly enough that the best thing that they could do was humbly to leave themselves in the hands of their brethren, but, all the same, the usurpers of place and power were feeling increasingly that sooner or later in Congregationalism, appointment to seats of honour and exaltation to high service, must come by the free votes of the members of the whole Union, rather than by the few influential men who fixed on their man and made him the favoured object of their nomination. Independency had grown selfish and in a sense nomination then meant dictation. To break this down, Dr. Parker and those who agreed with him, vigorously set themselves.

Dr. Adamsom says in his admirable and peace-pursuing biography of Dr. Parker that "Fraternization and the acknowledgment of his work and position were consummated when he was elected to the chair of the Congregational Union in 1884." Nobody would have been more delighted

to hail with satisfaction this statement than I, did I not know how limited and heart lacking was the supposed reconciliation. I admit Dr. Parker's opponents felt themselves beaten, cowed, and out-voted, but had the acknowledgment of his worth and position in the denomination taken place at that date, then my faith had been very materially helped had mine eyes seen these quondam alienated, but now reconciled, fathers and brethren of the Congregational Commonwealth sitting in the assemblies of Dr. Parker's year of office, at the feet of their chairman listening to, and profiting by, his words of heavenly wisdom, Divine love, and spiritual power; had these once alienated, but now reconciled, fathers and brethren requested, and insisted upon, their dear and gifted brother Parker appearing among them as the author of one of the essays of the projected volume that was about to illuminate Nonconformity; and, furthermore, had these self-same fathers and brethren made it known everywhere that no longer were they, in making engagements to serve the churches, going to observe the condition that "Parker" was not to be asked at the same time. These are among the things which prevent me readily giving my acquiescence to the statement that when the Doctor was made chairman of the Union in 1884 fraternization and the acknowledgment of his worth and position in the denomination took place and was unlimited and whole hearted. This much I can believe and readily admit that Dr. Parker in the magnanimity of his nature may and did there and then forgive them for standing so long between him and the honour which the free and unbigoted men of the Union long wanted to confer upon him.

Again Dr. Adamson, says on page 163, "His chief opponent was the Rev. Dr. Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union." This statement I feel sure is not quite correct. His chief denominational opponent was Dr. Henry Allon. Dr. Hannay once told me he had never written an anonymous letter in his life. To underhand methods I could not believe he ever knew the way. To pursue a crooked policy would have gone against the whole grain of his straightforward nature. He was not a man to harbour a grudge. If an ordinary mortal like myself incurred his sharp word he had it and it was all over so far as Dr. Hannay was concerned. When Dr. Parker, on the occasion to which I have referred, had made an end of dressing down "the greatest secretary beyond doubt that ever served the Union," Dr. Hannay got up, in the way of business, to make an announcement, and some murmured at his uprising but he stilled the noise at once by remarking "If anybody thinks I am about to make further reference to what is past and over he has mistaken his man. Let Dr. Parker enjoy his triumph."

Not long after Dr. Parker had been made chairman of the Union for the first time, in conversation after dinner, at the house of a mutual friend in Tunbridge Wells, Dr. Hannay used these striking words: "People wonder what I am going to do now they have made Dr. Parker chairman of the Union. I simply say to all such, I am going to do nothing, certainly not be such a fool as to resign a good berth and a good salary because Dr. Parker has been voted to the chair." Later on in the course of the same evening, I heard him express the utmost surprise as to how the Doctor was able to get through all his reading and his work. To Dr. Hannay, in these respects, Dr. Parker was a marvel. No, Dr. Adamson, it was Dr. Allon, who constituted himself Dr. Parker's chief opponent, critic and censor; and so busy did he make

himself, under the driving power of some grudge or other, that Dr. Parker was soon able with chapter and verse to go to him like a man and demand an explanation. Writing of this interview between him and Dr. Parker in the *English Independent*, Dr. Allon said: "You came to me to ask why you were not held by your brethren in that degree of respect which you desired." To this somewhat humiliating charge Dr. Parker replied, "This I utterly and indignantly deny. There may be grovelers who could go on such mean errands but I scornfully decline to be numbered among them." Writing here as it were in a parenthesis, I believe the sum and substance of the whole matter in dispute between these two estimable men was that they had heard silly stories about one another and both had taken more or less delight in repeating them to others. No doubt it was all very childish, adding a striking proof to the demonstration that even the greatest men are weak somewhere—Achilles in his heel, Dr. Parker in the middle of his life, and Dr. Allon in the end of his days. Well, the two are together in Dr. Allon's house, and each is afterwards said to have made a clean breast of the whole childish business, and both agree to act in the future towards each other with strict honour and respect, and from that time their memories are to be the grave of the wrong which they had done one another. Dr. Parker says "so scrupulously did I respect the confidence that I did not so much as mention the fact of our interview even to my nearest neighbour and most trusted ministerial friend." Unfortunately, no doubt, in a fit of inadvertence, Dr. Allon forgot his pledge, and so he wrote in his open letter to the newspaper relative to Dr. Parker "Amid all the hubbub of the present controversy, I have only twice, since I saw you, even alluded to one of the topics of our conversation." Dr. Parker's small but lynx eye was not slow to see the damaging admission, and so he replied most tellingly, "Possibly so. But in one of these two instances something like two hours were occupied. When a man dwells upon a subject for two hours at a stretch he deals leniently with himself and somewhat severely with his listener when he describes the exercise as 'alluding' to it. But the vital point is that Dr. Allon acknowledges that he has twice alluded to the topic of our conversation. Where then is confidence? If twice, why not twenty times?" Then the fat was in the fire where I had hoped it had all blazed away long since.

Dr. Parker was often if not always the first in a quarrel to try and make peace. The following sentences he wrote to Dr. Henry Allon. "Should be thankful to God if any wise man could make thorough and lasting reconciliation. That a venerable minister of Christ should have treated me as you have done will be a life-long grief to me. It was and is in your power to do one of the noblest acts ever prompted by Christian justice and chivalry." What Dr. Parker wanted Dr. Allon to do was simply to meet him in his own spirit, consent to a mutual act of oblivion, show that though Christian men can differ they can also concede and forgive, and for both of them to agree to bury once and for ever the trumpery anecdotes, criticisms and stories, no doubt false in both cases, which they had heard of each other rather than go on piling such rubbish into proportions that might seem to imply moral accusations. And certainly I am strongly inclined to believe that the younger man of the two was least wrong in making the request.

On every hand it was admitted that Dr. Parker was a great master of his mother tongue, and without using "swear words," which *The Daily*

Graphic, when issuing a very rough cartoon of him, once accused him of doing, he could emit verbal lava very hot indeed. *The English Independent* of the 'seventies, when, in anonymous articles and letters, it was publishing very bitter things against Dr. Parker, found that out. I remember a striking instance occurred when, writing of "The Gift of the Pulpit by the Corporation," it made use of the following sentence:—

"If gentlemen, who intended to subscribe to the City Temple, feel themselves now bound to refuse, and if others declare they will not encourage the undertaking by speech or presence, we shall not be surprised, however much such resolutions may be deplored."

Thinking of the great and good work he and his people were trying to do, and stung to the soul by the hurtful suggestions thus publicly thrown out, the Doctor replied:—

"I characterise this sentence as one of the basest ever written by the cruelest of foes. The man who could write that sentence deserves, in my opinion, the execration of all honest men"

Like Dr. Adamson, I might have passed over this and kindred things to which I had intended to refer, and I would have preferred doing so, but by man's inhumanity to man in this case public controversy arose, parties of influence and importance were formed, reform in the constitution of the Union itself followed from it, and, I may be wrong, but I believe the nobility of Dr. Parker's own life and character could not have been properly appreciated and accounted for had I, too, been silent. Moreover, people would have grown up in ignorance of what, under fearful trials and misjudgments, the grace of God can do for a man who implicitly trusts his Saviour, and firmly believes that in His strength he is sure to conquer in the end.

No really great man of any denomination ever endeavoured more assiduously and arduously to keep himself in accord, and to walk with his brethren. Allowance must, of course, always be made for the prevailing bent of his nature which persisted in demonstrating that he was a born leader of men and that there was always at work within him an irresistible impulsion to be constantly forging ahead. Should therefore the self-elected leaders of his body, either singly or unitedly, attempt to keep this man back, as sure as the world, there will be friction. Now this was, I regret to say, the crooked policy which was openly and avowedly adopted and pursued. And it would have been amusing if it had not been so absurd. The Philistines tried to bind Samson and failed, and the powers that were in the Congregational Union of the 'seventies also tried their hardest to repress and suppress Dr. Parker but they, too, miserably failed, and to-day I am hardened enough to declare "I am glad." Indirectly, of course, untold good has come to the Union. I trust some good also came to the apparently impenitent, and I feel assured that the cruel discipline through which Dr. Parker passed materially mellowed his rough but rare Northumbrian nature, making him no less a gentle man to live with and no less a noble man to work with. As in the case of another Joseph, thousands of years before, God turned the cruelty of the brethren all to the brother's gain, but, please remember, no thanks are due to them for that, and also that no thanks can be due to any of them for the purgatory through which the two Josephs passed.

But to return to the statement of Dr. Adamson. I have felt that, in the

interest of historical accuracy, he will forgive me for saying that I am of opinion his statement is incorrect; and I have thought that in simple justice to Dr. Hannay I should say what I have done to put the blame, if blame it be, upon the right shoulders. He was to my mind, always a statesman who took a broad and just view of the merits of all public questions and a man who, upon the whole, held all his brethren in the highest esteem. Besides, it has given me an opportunity of calling to mind reminiscences of Dr. Parker which I had not made use of in the proper place.

A very pretty piece of comedy was that enacted between Dr. Parker and Mr. Secretary Woods. I was standing on the Memorial Hall steps some time before Morlais Jones, seeing me there once, had the goodness to advise me never to do such a thing again for fear of losing my character, when Mr. Woods the Secretary came up. He seemed more than usually happy and communicative, and he told me he had been to the City Temple. Dr. Parker had sent for him. I knew opinion was very much divided as to the merits of the Doctor's intervention to keep Mr. Woods from having the secretaryship. It is possible Dr. Parker had better reasons than he gave for the action which he took. Be that as it may addressing the Secretary of the Union Dr. Parker said, "Well, Woods, I was anxious to see you and ask you if you would drink milk with me." There was a most sumptuous spread and Mr. Woods told me that they ate and drank together the bread and wine of peace. These greetings which I can well believe were at the time quite genuine helped them to walk along together in the harmonious vale of good fellowship for years.

Mr. John Morgan Richards, of America, the commencement of whose London life almost synchronises with the advent of Dr. Parker as the pastor of the Poultry, has just published a work of surpassing interest and merit to sight-seers, business-men, and students in general of the customs, changes, contrasts, and creators of the present civilizations of the Old and New Worlds, entitled "With John Bull and Jonathan." It is a book with which every busy and intelligent reader will be fascinated and delighted. To me it is specially charming and attractive for in it I find the most valuable information concerning "doings and sayings" of Dr. Parker which I cannot find recorded anywhere else. The spell of the unique information upon me is greatly enhanced by the fact that the book is a present to me from the author, and that I have Mr. Morgan Richards' personal permission to use for the adornment and completion of this "Offering of Love" any or all of his references to Dr. Parker. In his beautifully discursive way, without even one superfluous word, in a manner all his own, Mr. Richards tells us how he came to hear of Dr. Parker, how he became acquainted with him, and how by-and-by an intimate friendship sprang up between them that continued until the day of the Doctor's death. It was on the last Sunday evening in September, 1872, in Exeter Hall, that Mr. Richards says he first heard Dr. Parker preach. "By going early," he says, "I was able to obtain seats for my wife, myself, and three friends, near the platform, on the ground floor, so that I could judge for myself whether the article in *The New York Evangelist* written by Dr. T. L. Cuyler over-praised Dr. Parker's eloquence and power. There was a small table on the platform by which the Doctor sat with a deacon on each side of him. When service began I watched the Doctor closely. Dr. Cuyler had said 'You will see in him a man with a head like a lion, with

a voice that could roar like a lion, but which could be lowered to the gentlest whisper, and yet the whisper could be heard in any part of the hall.' I tested this for myself and found the description was absolutely correct. His personality was remarkable; his appearance most striking—enormous head and broad forehead. At that time he wore his hair very long, and had a full beard, leaving his upper lip and the upper part of his chin clean-shaven; hair and beard were raven black. He wore no gown, only a plain black frock-coat and black tie. I noticed particularly that he had a small and shapely hand" (curiously enough, my attention was called by a lady to his beautiful hand the first time I heard him preach in Manchester). "Commencing the service with the invocation 'Lord, abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent,' he afterwards gave out a hymn, reading in the most impressive manner the first two lines—

"Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King"

he said: "This is not a funeral hymn—it must be sung with fire." The whole congregation over three thousand took up the singing with great heartiness. There was not a word spoken in the sermon which he delivered that I did not follow with the closest attention and delight, and I afterwards never failed to attend the service there, generally accompanied by five or six others."

My readers will probably notice what one service may do, but the initiated will perhaps observe that a great deal depends on who is the preacher. Dr. Parker in the course of a long ministry, tried all the ways of sermonising of which a preacher could think. With notes, sometimes without notes, with his discourses fully written out and committed to memory, and sometimes he read them. The last way was certainly to my mind, not his best way. On this Mr. Richards has a very interesting comment, to the effect that Dr. Parker delivered his sermons extempore, and the notes which he carried into the pulpit could have been written on a visiting-card—just a few "Feathers for Arrows" as he called them. Did this mean that he could preach three sermons a week without preparation? Certainly not. He was a deep student, every subject of discourse was settled in his mind. Unthinking people did actually sometimes say to him—"How easy and simple Doctor is *your* work: thirty-minutes sermon on Thursday: two discourses of thirty-minutes on Sunday—no sermon-writing." The irony of his answer was in the tone of voice in which he would say "Go thou and do likewise."

That reminds me that these are the words which the Doctor uses to illustrate the wonderful power of emphasis, thus:—

Go thou and do likewise; that is, don't do it here, but go out and do it.

Go *thou* and do likewise; don't work by deputy, do your own work.

Go thou *and* do likewise; it is not enough to go, you must also *do*.

Go thou and *do* likewise; don't merely think or approve, but *act*.

Go thou and do *likewise*; sometimes it is better not to be original; copy and reflect, but don't originate.

It is beautiful and instructive to note how carefully Mr. Richards must have watched the great preacher's every word, look, tone, and gesture. Thus does he sum up the whole matter. "His final word at the finish of a sermon was always delivered sharp and abrupt, with a rising inflection, he

then would slowly close the Bible. Again, at the conclusion of an invocation or prayer, his habit always was to make a pause of a few seconds before pronouncing Amen. This was most impressive. When he uttered words as "God,"—"Jesus Christ,"—"No,"—"Yes,"—"Nothing," it was in such a way as to give more value to such words than any preacher I have ever heard. His readings from the Bible at Services were always short, never exceeding a dozen verses, but the remarkable manner in which they were spoken always commanded the attention of every one present."

Mr. Richards says, "Dr. Parker never cared to see any one before he went into the pulpit." In this he was not alone, but smaller men cannot always command courage to invite intrusionists to respect the privacy of a preacher's vestry.

Mr. Morgan Richards, who is the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers, and was brought up as a strict Sabbatarian, tells us that when he began his travelling in America he became less observant of attendance at a church on the Sabbath, but on coming to London this habit passed away after a time. Another illustration, I would observe, of the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The City Temple was opened for Divine worship on 19th May, 1874, and Mr. Richards tells us he was present at the dedication service by Rev. Professor W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., of Edinburgh. I was also present, and I remember admiring very much the liturgy prepared by Dr. Parker for the solemn occasion; likewise the beautiful and appropriate collation of Scriptural texts read, and the dedicatory prayer offered up by Rev. G. W. Conder, of Leeds. I remember, too, at that service I found Mr. and Mrs. Rylands and Miss Tennant wandering about the gallery looking for seats, and, thinking that they were being neglected, I went downstairs and communicated the news to headquarters, and soon had the pleasure of seeing all three accommodated with seats in the area, and at just a nice distance from the front.

Mr. Richards goes on to say that in the new building he rented a pew holding seven people, on the ground floor, where he was only distant five pews from the pulpit, but that he did not make the personal acquaintance of the doctor and his wife until several weeks after the opening of the City Temple, although he attended the services regularly, and occasionally the Thursday morning service also.

In that year Mr. Richards informs us his father came from America to pay him a visit, and instrumentally he was the cause of Dr. Parker and his son being introduced to each other. Mr. Richards says: "In 1874 my father paid me a visit, and, naturally, accompanied me to the City Temple, upon the first Sunday of his being in London, and I took him into the vestry, and introduced him. Then visits were interchanged between us. He came to my house in Upper Woburn Place, and my wife and I called upon him and Mrs. Parker in the Quadrant, Highbury. This was approaching the time for the summer-holiday, and Dr. Parker invited my father to preach for him, on one Sunday in August at the City Temple. The week before this Sunday came, my father left London on a visit to Scotland. Sad to record—he mysteriously met with an accident at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, and died within two hours, without having spoken a word."

"Dr. and Mrs. Parker were abroad at this time; but both telegraphed their condolences to us, and upon their return, were the first to call and express their sympathy."

"From this time until his death, in 1902, there never passed one week without my seeing or hearing from Dr. Parker."

Undoubtedly the two had very much in common between them, and in the course of a long friendship they honoured one another with a mutual confidence that was quite marked. Of the eminent ecclesiastic, the many-sided man of commerce testifies, and I have been looking out for the testimony all the time, that "Dr. Parker was not only a born preacher, but possessed a marvellous grasp of sound practical knowledge upon the affairs of the day. I often consulted with him regarding my own affairs, always getting the most practical help During ten or fifteen years I had many interests in which Dr. Parker was concerned, notably in the publication of *The Fountain*, *The Daisy Family Story Paper*, and afterwards *The Christian Chronicle*. Upon one occasion we were joint owners of *The Citizen*, a well-known City weekly, for forty-eight hours. Immediately after the purchase of that paper a City merchant, desiring to become the owner, offered a handsome addition to what we had paid, and the copyright was at once handed over without our having published a single number."

Charles Dickens advises, "When found, make a note of," and the following most interesting bit of chronicling is what I have been looking out for particularly. Although, says Mr. Richards, Dr. Parker had paid several visits to the United States on pleasure, not until 1887 did he finally assent to the oft-repeated suggestion that he should deliver a series of lectures there. He entered into an agreement with Major James B. Pond to deliver fifty lectures in the course of three months in the principal cities and towns.

The route was to begin at New York, extend as far West as Chicago, cross into Canada and deliver in that country five or six. The subjects selected were "Gladstone," "Clocks and Watches," etc. His first public appearance was to be in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on "Beecher." Mr. Richards own words are "This he had written out very carefully, and committed to memory, so that upon delivery he did not use any notes. The Doctor left the M.S. with me, with instructions that upon receipt of a telegram that the eulogy was delivered the M.S. should be sent to *The Christian World* for publication in London. This was done." Of the lecture on "Clocks and Watches" I have a distinct recollection of seeing it published in an American magazine and there attributed to an American D.D., but I knew at the time that it had been taken from Dr. Parker, for he had frequently delivered it in different places in England, and had printed the bulk of it long before in one or another of his periodicals, I think the *Pulpit Analyst*. Of the eulogy, I am glad to let Mr. Richards speak. He informs us that Dr. Parker was invited to deliver it, in the following words, by cable:

"Plymouth Church grateful for sympathy. Invite you to deliver eulogy. All expenses of journey and visit of Mrs. Parker and yourself paid by us."

"In America a serious controversy broke out over this lecture, because Major Pond insisted that this should be treated as one of the course to be delivered, and the cost deducted from the sale of tickets received."

In a communication sent later to his friend anent this very matter Dr. Parker writes: "Some of your newspaper countrymen have been scalping me in open day, and telling lies about twice as big as America. They said I charged a fee, or received a fee, for my eulogy. A bigger lie was never invented since the serpent conferred with Eve in the fragrant Garden of Eden. On the contrary, I received a hundred dollars less than I was actually out of pocket! The Eulogy Committee vindicated me in the best possible manner, and *after* my vindication (I could not *before*), I gave the whole sum I received towards the fund for erecting the monument, so I have had the pleasure of delivering the eulogy and paying every penny of our united expenses. I do not *complain*, I only *explain*. But the newspapers *can* lie! At one hotel Mrs. Beecher was sent away, when she called, with the explanation that I could not see her because I was "at prayer." Another reporter says he called upon me and found me playing dominoes, whereas I do not know one domino from another. Yes; they *can* lie. On arriving at home I shall need the assurance that I have *some* friends somewhere, and that assurance will find its way back to America. Please blame only the right parties, viz., the infamous newspaper reporters and interviewers and hangers-on. The gentlemen of America have been true, and kind, and noble."

This initial misunderstanding with Major Pond having been satisfactorily smoothed over, the lecturing tour went on but came to an abrupt end in quite another way. Crowded houses were drawn wherever the Doctor went, the agent was reaping a splendid harvest out of it and financially the lecturer was doing well, but the bigness of the country, the long journeys and voyages at the worst time of the year and the hard labour it all involved were fairly killing the City Temple preacher, and so after having delivered between thirty and forty lectures a physical collapse seemed imminent, and this is how Major Pond describes the winding-up of the lecturing engagement. He says: "'Of course, I had been making money on Dr. Parker's lectures, and to stop and cancel was a financial loss to me, but as in all contracts illness or unavoidable circumstances render agreements null and void, I could only settle by paying what was due to him. I handed him the statement which I had made out and a cheque for £220. In reply Dr. Parker said: 'Major Pond, I sail for my home to-morrow. My health is such that I cannot go on. The long voyages frighten me and I am so completely collapsed when I arrive at the end of a day's journey that I cannot address my audiences. Under these conditions, and with this certificate of one of your most eminent physicians, I am legally released from any obligation to you. You owe me, according to your statement, £220. I propose to go away from America owing no one and having no one owe me, and you wish to pay me. You give me this cheque, which I suppose is good.' Holding the cheque in his hand he proceeded to tear it up. 'You are an honourable man. I want you to feel welcome at all times in my house in London. As to what you owe me, I propose to give you five hundred years to pay me, and if when due you cannot meet it I will renew it five hundred years more.'"

He arrived in England a month before he was due, but his people were all delighted to see him, and at an immense gathering of friends both of the Church and Congregation on the 13th of February, 1888, in the City Temple, he received the warmest welcome home he ever had. So ended his American lecturing, and for the matter of that all his transatlantic trips.

He never went there any more. He contented himself by visiting the glories of Europe, and more particularly those of his native England, the Isle of Wight, and such places across the border as Annan, Langholm, and the enchanting vale of the Kirtle. But, I would ask again, does this Major Pond incident show in any way that Dr. Parker was fond of money? Well may his greatest business friend put it on record that Dr. Parker was a most charitable man, and disbursed large sums of money from his private purse, as well as from funds placed at his disposal, to persons in circumstances of need; and when writing of him as a judge of character, which I believe he is in every way entitled to do, to add that he was rarely at fault. Yes, a minister might quarrel with his Church, resist a Deacon, and even refuse the advice of the visitor of the Church Aid Society, and Dr. Parker would not cast him off; but if an applicant of the ordinary sort told his story different at the second or third rehearsal, the Doctor detected the impostor at once; and, should anybody's breath unfortunately carry with it into his presence the poisonous perfume of alcohol, the poor beggar's banishment was instantaneous and everlasting.

The commemoration of Dr. and Mrs. Parker's Silver Wedding on the 22nd December, 1889, was another occasion of much celebration and more presentations in grateful recognition of their faithful ministry and service. In spite of a somewhat determined effort which was made to confine the celebration of the event to church-members and seat-holders, and to make it a kind of City Temple family re-union, all the same there came a goodly number from Manchester to the happy gathering, Banbury friends sent hearty greetings, presents arrived from Hexham, and kind messages from everywhere. But what made the occasion all the more memorable, was what Dr. Parker said in reply to a loving and loyal request of Mr. John G. Murdoch urging the pastor now to take more rest. Of course the pastor promised that he would, but afterward, he either forgot, or he felt that he could not spare the time. His own disobedience should be a warning to others to pay particular attention to his words. "I recognise that the time has fully come when I must consider what I am able to do. I never once thought of such a calculation in my early ministry. I never knew I had a throat, I never knew what it was to be "Mondayish;" I preached on Sunday morning in the church, on Sunday afternoon in the cricket-field, on Sunday evening in the church again, and during the evenings of the week I frequently preached in the open air in the poorer districts of the town. I then knew nothing about being tired; but somehow, account for it as you may, I now know that I am working, and when a man feels that he is working, he ought to take care."

Well do I remember being in attendance at one of his Thursday morning services about seven years afterwards, and when he came to make the announcements he made the following pathetic admission: "I have something else to say, but now I am so unlike what I used to be that my memory sometimes fails me. Up to this year I have never in my long-continued ministry kept a diary of any engagement, but I cannot boast of that any longer. I never entered any engagement in a calendar or diary. Mention a date six months ahead, and I would tell you what I had to do on that day."

But the Lord staineth the pride of all glory, and bringeth into contempt all the honourable of the earth.—Isaiah xxiii. 9.

And here we have an illustration of Dr. Parker's appositeness in quoting texts, an appositeness which sometimes brought upon him the condemnation of those who did not know their Bible as thoroughly as he did. Mr. Dawson gives a striking illustration of this ignorance. In one of Dr. Parker's public prayers he had used the petition, "Do not disgrace the throne of Thy glory," from Jeremiah xiv. 21, and a Presbyterian minister, who was appealed to by the hearer, said the speaker of such words had been guilty of rank blasphemy. But I was myself told once by one of his students that a professor of one of our own colleges had said concerning Dr. Parker, when exercising his ministry in Manchester, that his prayers were blasphemy, and I fear I somewhat profanely retorted, "I wish he could pray such blasphemy."

The commemoration of Dr. Parker's twenty-five years' ministry in the City of London, and of his twenty years in the City Temple, on May 10th, 1894, was made an affair of the greatest importance by every branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. His portrait, a speaking likeness, in a striking attitude, by Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., "a master of his art," and an album, containing a just and, therefore, eulogistic address, signed by 700 ministers representing the Episcopal and Free Churches of England, were presented by his close companion and highly valued friend, Samuel Newth, D.D., ex-Principal of New College. A cheque for a thousand guineas from the church and congregation was, in the absence, through illness, of Mr. Bull, deacon, presented in a most affectionate manner and speech by Mr. Chapman, the term of whose diaconate reached back to the Poultry. A tablet, now fixed in the vestibule of the City Temple, in memory of Dr. Parker's faithful ministry, was likewise presented by Mr. Chapman, in Mr. Bull's name. The Rev. Principal Vaughan Price, D.D., in the name of the ladies of the congregation, presented Dr. Parker with handsome pulpit robes.

There was another presentation, but this was to Mrs. Parker, her husband's worthy and most efficient co-pastor all these years, which consisted of a beautiful and costly diamond brooch. This was also the gift of the church and congregation and Mr. J. Morgan Richards, who, in making the presentation in modest yet munificent language, testified of the well-known worth and the esteem in which the fair lady was held everywhere.

Dr. Parker, in the course of a long and successful ministry, had become so accustomed to receive gifts and grateful words from his churches and from those who had benefited by his ministrations, that his speeches, returning thanks, were simply perfect and unique, and on this occasion his reply was conspicuously happy. I think I shall be forgiven for saying so if I give a single specimen of his superlative references. "I am touched," said he, "by the words of my long-tried friend, Mr. Richards, concerning my wife. The diamonds are of great value, their radiance is indisputable, but I am here, after thirty years' experience and observation, to say that the radiance of the diamonds is eclipsed and quenched by the glory of the life they are intended to adorn." Happy wife to have heard such words. She must have thought them the choicest diamond of all.

This presentation, made by Mr. Richards, is duly recorded on a tablet in the vestibule of the City Temple.

In the course of the meeting, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Dr.

Clifford made most brotherly and congratulatory speeches, but Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, who, as a student, often came to help me on Sundays when I was at Over and Minshull in the early 'seventies, is allowed on all hands to have made the speech of the evening. After paying a warm tribute to Dr. Parker's opulence of mental gifts, his breadth of vision, his manliness as a preacher, the fecundity of his ideas, at once our despair and our gladness, above all the heart that was in him, he approached him, took him by the hand and pronounced upon him the Heaven-inspired benediction "May you and yours through the years to come know increasingly that we love you, trust you, learn from you, and that in the capacity of preacher-prophet (in its true etymological sense) we regard you on the topmost pinnacle, even if we differ in other relations, and this day here we recognise you as a prince and king among men."

Comparing Jonathan's holidays with John's, Mr. Morgan Richards lets out that many of their summer holidays were passed with Dr. and Mrs. Parker in visiting notable places in England. He says:—

"I remember upon one occasion while staying together in the Isle of Wight, Dr. Parker said to me 'I wish to give you and your wife a holiday with us, but the invitation can only be accepted on one condition. You are to place yourselves unreservedly in our hands; you are to have no responsibility of any kind whatever. This will be a holiday at Lake Windermere; but you are not to have anything to do with choosing the hotel, your room, ordering your meals, or planning any excursions, walks or drives. I want you to be relieved for one whole week of having to make any suggestion to anybody on earth. Your usual holidays which have come under my observation have been taken up with making arrangements for other people. Will you come?' 'Enthusiastically yes,' was my reply."

"A more enjoyable ten days' holiday could not have been experienced by anyone in the world. We were taken to see everything of interest in the Lake District—the Wordsworth country. Nothing was omitted, and the journey was the more enjoyable because I really had no responsibility of any kind."

"Dr. and Mrs. Parker always took their holidays together and he never left London for the country on a preaching engagement for one day upon which she did not accompany him. So constantly were they in one another's society that Mrs. Parker told me that the only written communication which had ever passed between them was a postcard written in shorthand which he sent to her at Sunderland, at the time of the death of her mother. On this occasion she was obliged to go alone because Dr. Parker had a preaching engagement which he felt he could not postpone."

"The last visit which they paid together to Mrs. Richards and myself was at Norris Castle, Isle of Wight. They were with us two weeks in September, 1898, which were delightfully spent; and so far as human foresight could foretell, they left us in absolutely perfect health. . . . Three weeks after their return to Hampstead Mrs. Parker was declared to be seriously ill. . . . On the 27th January, 1899, I received the following wire: 'She is not here: she is risen.'"

"I immediately went to his house at Hampstead and on being admitted went up to his study. He was sitting in a chair in front of the fire, almost

bent double; he was crushed by the sorrow which had fallen upon him. He saw me enter the room, but did not speak a word. Then he rose, and taking me by the hand, led me in silence to the darkened room in which the body lay, and remained for a few moments—no words were spoken. He led me out of the room and to the door, with a hand-clasp we parted.”

How exquisitely tender is all this! How often in his own last illness must Dr. Parker have wished for the presence and the silent comfort of this real friend who thoroughly understood him!

“The following summer Dr. Parker came to visit us at Old Park, near Ventnor, and again in 1900 he visited us at Steephill Castle, Ventnor, and finally in the following summer of 1901. In the holidays of 1902, he said he was afraid of the trip across the Solent, so the holiday was spent in a visit to Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie Swan), at Chesham Bois, Bucks”; of which visit I have written at some length elsewhere in this disjointed record of mine.

“In May 1902, Dr. Parker, on the invitation of Mrs. Richards, accompanied her to the Zoological Gardens, in Regent’s Park, and at her request, was photographed standing by the lion’s cage.”

This is, Mr. Richards believes, the last photograph taken of Dr. Parker, but in this, in a sense, I am sorry to say he is slightly mistaken, for in the following September that which appears opposite my page 2 was taken.

I will now, with the fullest acknowledgment of my great indebtedness, allow Mr. Richards to finish the narrative of his most interesting reminiscences of our mutual friend, without any foolish rushing in of mine.

“Before his last holiday he announced that he should take up his usual work at the City Temple on the fourth Sunday in September, 1902, and that he would make the experiment of preaching on the previous Thursday, to test his voice and strength. During the last three or four months before the holidays he invariably arranged with a brother minister, or one of his deacons, to sit near the pulpit, and, if they noticed a certain sign, to come to the pulpit and continue the service—he was afraid of a collapse.”

“So far as his personal appearance was concerned he showed little sign of weakness or illness, though there was loss of weight and vigour. His manner towards those about him was as cheerful and cordial as ever.”

“I saw him after the morning service of Thursday, 25th September, 1902, and took my leave of him, as I was sailing on the following Saturday for a short visit to New York. In taking my hand at parting, Dr. Parker said, in a voice full of emotion: ‘God be with you. I shall not say good-bye.’”

“I was only a fortnight in America, and during that time learned from the newspapers that the Doctor preached on Sunday morning and evening, 28th September, and again on the Thursday morning following, but that on the next Sunday, although no notice had been given by him, he failed to appear at the City Temple in the morning. Then the fact became known that he was seriously ill, and doubts were at once published as to whether he would ever enter the pulpit again.”

“I returned to England on 25th October, and immediately wrote to him to know how he was. In reply I received a private message to go to see him at once. I found him sitting in an armchair, his legs stretched out in front of him. He put out both his hands to welcome me, and said,

'I cannot rise.' He was much interested to hear about my visit to the States, and asked many questions about mutual friends. So far as his voice was concerned, he spoke firmly and without effort. I said, Tell me how you really feel. Are you in pain? He replied, 'Yes; in terrible pain at times, but at the present moment I am free from pain; but I am sure my case is beyond medical relief, and I am glad this is so. I have finished all my work in this world, and I am chiefly thinking of what is going on up there! I long to go.' I spoke to him cheerfully, but not lightly, of his ailments. I left after the lapse of half-an-hour. I had spoken to him of his brave attempt to resume his work during the previous month, and he remarked, 'I was determined to do so, even if I fell on the pulpit stairs.' He alluded with considerable feeling to an invitation sent him by the Bishop of Ripon to use his marine residence if he so desired. He also said that he was thankful *The Times* newspaper had published his letter on the Education Act, but added, 'I shall never know, on this earth, what the result of this educational controversy will be.'"

"This was my last interview with him. I received daily bulletins as to his health until his death, 28th November, 1902. He was buried in the same plot of ground, at Hampstead, where his wife lay."

"But where can I turn my bewildered eye
 And where can I look but to Thee;
 Since all the long vales of Eternity lie
 Concealed in deep darkness from me?
 Then here at the footstool of grace I will bow,
 Imploring thy love to deliver,
 For the shadows of darkness beleaguer me now,
 And I fly to my God and Forgiver:
 For ever, Oh ever!
 I'll cling to This Saviour for ever.

The last and I believe the only real illness which Dr. Parker ever had was not of long duration. His wife's death had indeed fearfully impoverished him in many ways, and had left with him an overwhelming sense of loss. Peradventure we might be allowed to suggest that his greatest loss when she was taken from him was those frequent and prolonged periods of happy mutual repose, most sustaining and essential to a soul like his for her presence always brought to him a sunshine to which it had become, on his part, second nature to unfold, whereas, after her removal by death, her absence let loose upon him an east wind that fairly shrivelled him up and made him eager to die. Premonitions and assurances that this was not his rest came upon him now thick and fast, and incidentally as it were twice or thrice he threw out hints that a visit from the King of Terrors would not be unwelcome. One such occasion I well remember was on the 18th April, 1901. It was at the City Temple noon service, held the week before the Union Meetings at which he was to preside and deliver the Chairman's address. He had been unwell and had not preached for four Sundays, although he had taken the service on Thursdays. Before commencing the sermon on "Certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others," he looked down and took notice of a striking floral decoration, in the shape of a cross made of wood and entirely covered with primroses, which had been placed upon the communion table. I had previously said to Dr. Adamson, who was sitting next to me, that it seemed to me strange to see such a thing in such a place. The preacher looking down upon the cross of primroses said, "Some princely hand has done this to welcome me back to my pulpit last Sunday. I could not be here, and am sadly shaken, and after next week I do not care if I were shaken so seriously that I would be here no more." I have said Dr. Parker's last real illness was but brief. True, about thirteen months before his death his medical adviser had discovered a weakness of the heart, and now and then he had been ailing, occasionally having to cancel some engagement, or get somebody else to take his place. Still, on the whole, for a man of his years and abundant labours, he was a marvel of health. No doubt, like many before him, he would have preferred to have died in harness. "Sudden death sudden glory" is understood to express a form of dissolution which many men I have known have hankered after, and I know Dr. Parker was attracted by it. Referring in February, 1886, to the death of Mr. J. B. Gough, he said, "I could almost envy his death." He was struck fatally with paralysis whilst lecturing in the City of Philadelphia. It was so the great

Wesleyan preacher, Dr. Joseph Beaumont, died in the town of Hull. He had just given out the hymn—

“Thee while the first Archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings.”

Then he reeled, fell, and soon joined the worshipping host on high. Yes, the man fully prepared for death may indeed wish so to die. In his case to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. As a simple matter of fact, Dr. Parker very nearly had his wish, for he was preaching in the beginning of one month and he was numbered with the dead the next. Puzzled, very much, were many people that he, so mighty in the Scriptures, so thoroughly equipped for his great work, and apparently so vigorous and strong, should be taken away in the midst of his usefulness. So well did he look and so fit did he appear until almost the last, that the following was the sort of language held concerning him, “He sometimes speaks, of late, as if he were growing old. It is one of those illusions that will affect even the soberest. *He must remain young—‘even unto eternal youth.’* Some men forfeit the right to old age; he seems to have forfeited it; he should have begun earlier.” Nevertheless, it would appear that though outsiders were ignorant of the fact, yet he, himself, was feeling what they did not feel—feeling that his work and his years were telling upon him, and that the end of his earthly days was, as it were, just round the corner. Then nearly all we could do, or at least felt we could do, was to surround him with our prayers—to beautify his latter end as summer clouds the descending sun. Of course, everyone of us was glad to hear that he had the wisest medical attention and the best of nursing, and, as all his life he had been drawn to men who worked beneath the great dome of thought, writers of books, enterprising journalists and newspaper men, so when he was drawing near to the confines of eternity and halting for a brief space within the portal, he had for “guide, philosopher and friend,” to cheer him as the beleaguering shadows of darkness encompassed him about, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Robertson Nicoll.

Now we have come to the closing scene of a most useful, eventful and often tragically interesting career. And Joseph Parker died. After all then he was mortal like unto all of us. For our own good it is important to keep this in memory lest, under the delusion that Dr. Parker was more than a man, we forget any of the great lessons which an All-wise God would teach us. We have been witnesses of ability so commanding, oratory so entrancing, energy so untiring, resources so inexhaustible, adaptation so perfect, preaching so

transcendent, and teaching so unique, that devotées so completely "gone" as some of us were, had hard work to believe he ever could die. We needed to be taught that he was mortal after all, that his days like ours glided away, and that little by little his strong tabernacle would come to the ground. And so it came to pass that one day Nonconformists, and Conformists too, heard, with a profound and even emotional sense of loss, the appalling announcement that Joseph Parker was dead. Joseph Parker died. Thus the born preacher, the well-graced orator, the wizard writer, the mighty originator of striking and useful thought, and our great denominational genius and benefactor was not, for God had taken him. To us it was all most mysterious.

To use his own language, "That the good man should be taken away in the very prime of his usefulness; that the eloquent tongue should be smitten with death; that a kind father should be withdrawn from his family circle; and that wretches who never have a noble thought, who do not know what it is to have a brave heavenly impulse, should seem to have a tenacity of life that is unconquerable; that drunken men and hard-hearted individuals should live on and on, while the good and the brave, and the wise, *and the beautiful, and the tender, are snapped off in the midst of their days and translated to higher climes.* The old proverb say, 'Whom the gods love die young.' Sirs! There is another side to this life, otherwise these things would be inexplicable—would be chief of the mysteries of God's ways. We must wait, therefore, until we see the circle completed before we sit in judgment upon God."

"And Joseph died." I here quote the comment of our dear departed friend, who being dead yet speaketh upon this text. "Then the world can get on without its greatest and best men. This is very humiliating to some persons. Here is, for example, a man who has never been absent from his business for twenty years. 'You ask him to take a day's holiday, go to a Church opening or to a religious festival. He says, 'My dear sir! Why, the very idea! The place would go to rack and ruin if I was away four and twenty hours.' It comes to pass that God sends a most grievous disease upon the man, imprisons him in the darkened chamber for six months. When he gets up at the end of the time he finds the business has gone on pretty much as well as if he had been wearing out his body and soul for it all the time. Very humiliating to go and find things getting on without us! Who are we? The preacher may die, but the truth will be preached still. The minister perishes, the ministry is immortal. This ought to teach us, there-

fore, that we are not so important after all; that our business is to work all the little hour that we have; and to remember that God can do quite as well without us as with us, and that He puts an honour upon us in asking us to touch the very lowest work in any province of the infinite empire of His truth and light."

Joseph Parker died. Some deaths are of world-wide interest. Dr. Parker in his day had so lived and laboured among his fellow men that his name had come to represent not simply an individual, but an individual in particular—somebody distinct from all others—somebody by himself. Doubtless on the same day on which he died some thousands also gave up the ghost, but as they had not like Dr. Parker written their names on the roll of fame, as they had not like him made a record, as they had not won renown they went down into the grave unknown, or at least very little known, and were not like him found in the restricted edition of "Who's who." I am here reminded that one of the persecutions to which Dr. Parker was in his early London Ministry subjected took the form of a charge of heresy. Some of our brethren, with a keen scent for heresy, had carefully searched his writings and they had found, not among his beliefs or doctrines, not among the things most surely believed among us, but among his illustrations, the things by means of which he had tried to graduate his teaching down to the capacity of his hearers, and to clothe his belief in the doctrines of Resurrection and Immortality. Besides, he tells us in "The Pulpit Analyst," where he first used the illustration in the end of the 'sixties, that he was quoting from Henry Ward Beecher. So much mischief came to Dr. Parker through his use of and moralisings thereon, that we here reproduce it. Mr. Beecher says, "I suppose every man passes, at some time, into a kind of scepticism. I know I have had such times; I suppose everybody has them. At my mountain home in Lenox there were days in August, when, although I knew there were mountains near, they were so hazy that I could not see them. I looked to the North, where old Greylock stood, and he had gone. I looked to the South for Mount Washington, and he had gone. I looked to the East for the range of mountains that rose up there, but they had stolen away. I looked to the West to see if any remained, but they too had hid themselves, and all were invisible. But when I slept and woke, all the mountains the next morning, washed by night showers, came back, so clear and distinct that the old crag upon the ten mile distant hill stood up, vivid as a line against the sky, and my eye could sweep over all the country round about, and the truant hills seemed to have travelled home again stealthily in

the night. I think it is just so in the soul. There are times when a man goes grieving, saying, 'Where are those aspirations which I once felt? I am now sodded and stupid as a sponge. Where are those upreachings that I once enjoyed? Where is all that old enthusiasm of honour? Where are all those mountings of desire? Ah! they are all gone! Man is after all but a superior animal; he is but a part of the material creation; he is but the highest form in which matter develops.' Man complains to himself, 'I shall live, and, like an autumnal leaf, wither and die; something else shall grow out of me, and in turn something else shall grow out of that.'"

For a long time I admit Dr. Parker was fascinated with this view of man's immortality, and like the fly round the candle he toyed with it. He talked of men rising again in each other; the parent in the child and the older in the younger; the teacher in the scholar, Milton and Bunyan, and all the good living in others again; and in a sense it was all true, but the Doctor saw at last that he must be more careful in his thinking and teaching to prevent his views on the immortality of the individual soul from being misunderstood.

The whole thing was very stupid, for Dr. Parker's own personality had by that time become so dominant as to be proof positive and sufficient to explode the entire charge. I can easily believe that all Heaven will, if he is anything like the clever and Christlike person I have tried in these pages to pourtray him, be anxious to see Joseph Parker, in his totality and personality—not Joseph Parker as a wave of the sea, or a sand by the seashore, or even as a star in the firmament, but Joseph Parker the penitent, who has been forgiven, the soul washed in the blood of the Lamb, the man who has come through great tribulation, the pilgrim who has reached glory everlasting at last.

Joseph Parker died. The event was much noted. It is said the death of David Garrick eclipsed the gaiety of nations. Be that as it may, within a very short time of Dr. Parker's death the sad news was flashed throughout the two hemispheres, for his life, his speech, his sermons, and his works had greatly impressed both the old and the new worlds, and I believe the keen sense of loss was pretty general.

The confession of a "fellow" who joined Spurgeon's Tabernacle, for the express purpose of bringing the great Baptist preacher to ruin, is well-known. A Fleet Streeter once told me news was expected every day from those who had been put on to shadow Hugh Price Hughes. Their name is legion, for they are many, who are constantly going about seeking to destroy the

characters of good men, and especially of great preachers. Dr. Parker was said by such scribb'ers to have carried his cup fairly even, and when he died they bore their testimony that he had. Well they might, for he had walked in all the commandments of the law, which he had constantly enforced upon others, as blamelessly as he had earnestly enjoined others to do. I should say as perfectly as ever mortal did.

They joined in the general expression of sorrow and regret. And well they might, for he had stood on their viaduct for 28 years, and in their City for 33, faithfully preaching unto them the Righteousness of God and the guilt of man; the Infinite Love of God and the universal transgression of man; the unsearchable riches of Christ and the utter poverty of man; restoration through Jesus Christ for ruination by sin; that salvation by human hands was all a mockery; that everything on earth had its price, whereas, "'Tis only Christ that is given away, and, only Heaven can be had for the asking." And all kinds and every grade had flocked to hear him, for some how they got to know that he knew human nature and human need, and that he preached a Gospel suited to all, intended for all, and a Saviour adapted to meet every requirement of every sinful, sorrowing, penitent heart. What surprised me very much was the different kinds of people who sorrowed over the death of Dr. Parker. Friends, of course, admirers certainly, clever men and women undoubtedly; but even critics, censors, and many, many others, who had given every reason to believe that they were his most bitter enemies, were all eager to express their distress at the loss that had fallen on London, the Christian Church and the world. The mixed multitude in general, good men in particular, and more especially Congregationalists, who now felt, and felt most keenly, that they had lost their greatest general: Hexham, where he was born, of course, Manchester, which discovered the Heaven-sent preacher, and London, where he had taken rank with C. H. Spurgeon, Henry Melville and Edward Irving, all entered into the general grief. Speaking for myself, I must say that the vast City had become very poor, space had had created within it a huge vacancy, if I may be so allowed to express myself; and life itself on earth seemed to lack lustre, enterprise a leader genuine heroism one of the first, and the circle of true comradeship one of the best.

Joseph Parker died.

Howl ye fir trees for a cedar is fallen.

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.

He did good in Israel both toward God and toward His house.

And they carried his bones into his City Temple, an edifice, in the history of which he will always hold the conspicuous place, and laid them upon the altar, and for the space of two days the people streamed past his honoured remains, shewing their respect and love for the sainted servant of Jesus Christ.

On Thursday when it was noon, fitting time and fitting place, there was gathered together an immense assemblage of people, insomuch that the place was filled, flowing over on to the roadways, with representatives of all denominations of Christians, of the charitable institutions, of the Missionary and Bible Societies, of the Sunday Schools, &c., &c., and a memorial service was held, at which Dr. Nicoll presided, and delivered an address, in which he did his best to tell us how Dr. Parker had died. We all knew how he had lived. After which his body was taken up and borne on a cold, bright winter's day to Hampstead Cemetery, and there interred by the side of his wife, Dr. William Adamson conducting the solemn service at the mouth of the grave.

Joseph Parker died. That was his body died. But the man Joseph Parker, the man whose life was hid with Christ in God, that man was beyond the reach of death. When his body crumbled and fell down to get up no more, in this state of things, the soul rose to be a guest in glory. A guest? Nay, a child at home, a son in Heaven with his Father, shut in to go no more out.

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality."

And he saith unto the sons of Heth—the sons of Terror—I am a stranger and a sojourner with you, give me possession of a burying-place with you that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the sons of Heth replied, "Thou art a mighty prince; a prince of God among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead."

And he bowed low saying, "I will give money for the field, take it of me, and I will bury my dead there."

Then Ephron (the fawn-like man, the barterer for the sons of Heth) said, "The land is worth 400 shekels of silver, but that is nothing. pray take it as a gift."

And he weighed to Ephron the silver named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant.

So the cave in the field was made sure unto the applicant for a possession of a burying-place by the sons of Heth.

After this he buried his wife in the cave of the field.

But, lo ! when the bill of the costs of the purchase of the possession of the burying-place was presented unto the mourner, its headline designated the ground in which he had deposited the sacred remains of his honoured wife—

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the bereaved, broken-hearted husband felt as if vitriol had been thrown into his eyes, and as if the deep, deep gash made in his life had been saturated with acid of the most terrific and undiluted strength. Oh ! Religion ! Religion ! what detestable blasphemies a state church practices in Thy sweet and supernal name !

And he planted a grove in Beer-sheba, and called there on the name of the Lord—the everlasting God.

And the Lord blessed him in all his ways.

I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth.

Joseph died . . . old, and full of days.

And they buried him in the cave of the field with or beside his wife.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE WITH THY LIKENESS.